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1849-1916.

James Whitcomb Riley's  
complete works : including  
poems and prose sketches,

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SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

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"Elsie she ain't one bit sp'iled—"



*Memorial Edition*

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# The Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley

IN TEN VOLUMES

*Including Poems and Prose Sketches, many  
of which have not heretofore been pub-  
lished; an authentic Biography, an  
elaborate Index and numerous Illus-  
trations in color from Paintings  
by Howard Chandler Christy  
and Ethel Franklin Betts*

VOLUME VIII



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## THE EDGE OF THE WIND

YE stars in ye skies seem twinkling  
In icicles of light,  
And ye edge of ye wind cuts keener  
Than ever ye sword-edge might;  
Ye footsteps crunch in ye courtway,  
And ye trough and ye cask go "ping!"—  
Ye china cracks in ye pantry,  
And ye crickets cease to sing.

## THE HIRED MAN'S FAITH IN CHILDREN

I BELIEVE *all* childern's good,  
Ef they're only *understood*,—  
Even *bad* ones, 'pears to me,  
'S jes' as good as they kin be!

## THE LOVELY HUSBAND

Oh a love-ly hus-band he was known, He loved his wife and

The first system of the musical score for 'The Lovely Husband'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'Oh a love-ly hus-band he was known, He loved his wife and' are written below the vocal line.

her a-lone; She reaped the harvest he had sown; She ate the meat; he

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'her a-lone; She reaped the harvest he had sown; She ate the meat; he'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

picked the bone. With mixed admirers ev-'ry size, She smiled on each with

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'picked the bone. With mixed admirers ev-'ry size, She smiled on each with'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The page number '1969' is printed at the bottom center.

1969



## THE LOVELY HUSBAND

out disguise; This love-ly hus-band closed his eyes Lest he might take her

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves. The lyrics are: "out disguise; This love-ly hus-band closed his eyes Lest he might take her".

### CHORUS.

by sur-prise. Trot! Run! Was - n't he a han-dy hub-by?

The second system of music is the beginning of the chorus. It continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "by sur-prise. Trot! Run! Was - n't he a han-dy hub-by?".

What Fun She could plot and plan! Not One

The third system of music continues the chorus. The lyrics are: "What Fun She could plot and plan! Not One".

Oth-er such a dan-dy hub-by As this love-ly man!

The fourth system of music concludes the chorus. The lyrics are: "Oth-er such a dan-dy hub-by As this love-ly man!". There is a triplet of eighth notes in the piano accompaniment on the word "dan-dy".

## II

He answered at her least command:  
He fanned her, if she would be fanned;  
He vanished when she willed it.—And  
He always coughed behind his hand.  
    She held him in such high esteem  
    She let him dope her face with  
        “Cream,”—  
    He’d chink the wrinkles seam-by-seam,  
    And call her “lovely as a dream!”

## CHORUS

*Hot*  
    *Bun!*  
        *Wasn't he a lovey-dovey?*  
*What*  
    *Fun*  
        *She could plot and plan! .*  
*Not*  
    *One*  
        *Other such a dovey-lovey*  
        *As this love-ly man!*

## III

Her lightest wishes he foreknew  
And fell up-stairs to cater to:  
He never failed to back from view,  
Nor mispronounced *Don't* ( ) you “Doan  
    chu.”

He only sought to fill such space  
As her friends left;—he knew his place:—  
He praised the form she could not lace.—  
He praised her face before her face!

## CHORUS

*Shot*

*Gun!*

*Wasn't he a lovely fellow?*

*What*

*Fun*

*She could plot and plan!*

*Not*

*One*

*Lonesome little streak of yellow  
In this love-ly man!*



## THREE SEVERAL BIRDS

*The Romancer, the Poet, and the Bookman*

### I

#### THE ROMANCER

THE Romancer's a nightingale,—  
The moon wanes dewy-dim  
And all the stars grow faint and pale  
In listening to him.—  
To him the plot least plausible  
Is of the most avail,—  
He simply masters it because  
He takes it by the tale.

*O he's a nightingale,—  
His theme will never fail—  
It gains applause of all—because  
He takes it by the tale!*

The Romancer's a nightingale:—  
His is the sweetest note—  
The sweetest, woe-begonest wail  
Poured out of mortal throat:

So, glad or sad, he ever draws  
Our best godspeed and hail;  
He highest lifts his theme—because  
He takes it by the tale.

O he's a nightingale,—  
His theme will never fail—  
It gains applause of all—because  
He takes it by the tale!

## II

## THE POET

The bobolink he sings a single song,  
Right along,—  
And the robin sings another, all his own—  
One alone;  
And the whippoorwill, and bluebird,  
And the cockadoodle-doo-bird;—  
But the mocking-bird he sings in every tone  
Ever known,  
Or chirrup-note of merriment or moan.

*So the Poet he's the mocking-bird of men,—  
He steals his songs and sings them o'er again;  
And yet beyond believing  
They're the sweeter for his thieving.—  
So we'll howl for Mister Mocking-bird  
And have him out again!*

It's mighty fond we are of bobolinks,  
                    And chewinks;  
And we dote on dinky robins, quite a few—  
                    Yes, we do;  
And we love the dove, and bluebird,  
And the cockadoodle-doo-bird,—  
But the mocking-bird's the bird for me and you,  
                    Through and through,  
Since he sings as everybody wants him to.

*Ho! the Poet he's the mocking-bird of men,—  
He steals his songs and sings them o'er again;  
And yet beyond believing  
They're the sweeter for his thieving.—  
So we'll howl for Mister Mocking-bird  
And have him out again!*

## III

## BOOKMAN'S CATCH

The Bookman he's a humming-bird—  
His feasts are honey-fine,—  
    (With hi! hilloo!  
And clover-dew  
And roses lush and rare!)  
*His* roses are the phrase and word  
Of olden tomes divine;  
    (With hi! and ho!  
And pink's ablow  
And posies everywhere!)

The Bookman he's a humming-bird,—  
He steals from song to song—  
He scents the ripest-blooming rhyme,  
And takes his heart along  
And sacks all sweets of bursting verse  
And ballads, throng on throng.  
(With ho! and hey!  
And brook and brae,  
And brinks of shade and shine!)

A humming-bird the Bookman is—  
Though cumbrous, gray and grim,—  
(With hi! hilloo!  
And honey-dew  
And odors musty-rare!)

He bends him o'er that page of his  
As o'er the rose's rim  
(With hi! and ho!  
And pinks aglow  
And roses everywhere!)

Ay, he's the featest humming-bird,—  
On airiest of wings  
He poises pendent o'er the poem  
That blossoms as it sings—  
God friend him as he dips his beak  
In such delicious things!  
(With ho! and hey!  
And world away  
And only dreams for him!)

## THE BED

### I

"**T**HOU, of all God's gifts the best,  
Blessèd Bed!" I muse, and rest  
Thinking how it havened me  
In my dazèd Infancy—  
Ere mine eyes could bear the kind  
Daylight through the window-blind,  
Or my lips, in yearning quest,  
Groping found the mother-breast,  
Or mine utterance but owned  
Minor sounds that sobbed and moaned.

### II

Gracious Bed that nestled me  
Even ere the mother's knee,—  
Lulling me to slumber ere  
Conscious of my treasure there—  
Save the tiny palms that kept  
Fondling, even as I slept,  
That rare dual-wealth of mine,—  
Softest pillow—sweetest wine!—  
Gentlest cheer for mortal guest,  
And of Love's fare lordliest.



## III

By thy grace, O Bed, the first  
Blooms of Boyhood-memories burst:—  
Dreams of riches, swift withdrawn  
As I, wakening, find the dawn  
With its glad Spring-face once more  
Glimmering on me as of yore:  
Then the bluebird's limpid cry  
Lulls me like a lullaby,  
Till falls every failing sense  
Back to sleep's sheer impotence.

## IV

Or, a truant, home again,—  
With the moonlight through the pane,  
And the kiss that ends the prayer—  
Then the footsteps down the stair;  
And the close hush; and far click  
Of the old clock; and the thick  
Sweetness of the locust-bloom  
Drugging all the enchanted room  
Into darkness fathoms deep  
As mine own pure childish sleep.

## V

Gift and spell, O Bed, retell  
Every lovely miracle—  
Up from childhood's simplest dream  
Unto manhood's pride supreme!—

Sacredness no words express,—  
Lo, the young wife's fond caress  
Of her first-born, while beside  
Bends the husband, tearful-eyed,  
Marveling of kiss and prayer  
Which of these is holier there.

## VI

Trace the vigils through the long,  
Long nights, when the cricket's song  
Stunned the sick man's fevered brain,  
As he tossed and moaned in pain  
Piteous—till thou, O Bed,  
Smoothed the pillows for his head,  
And thy soothest solace laid  
Round him, and his fever weighed  
Into slumber deep and cool,  
And divinely merciful.

## VII

Thus, O Bed, all gratefully  
I would ever sing of thee—  
Till the final sleep shall fall  
O'er me, and the crickets call  
In the grasses where at last  
I am indolently cast  
Like a play-worn boy at will.—  
'Tis a Bed befriends me still—  
Yea, and Bed, belike, the best,  
Softest, safest, blessèdest.

## HOME-FOLKS

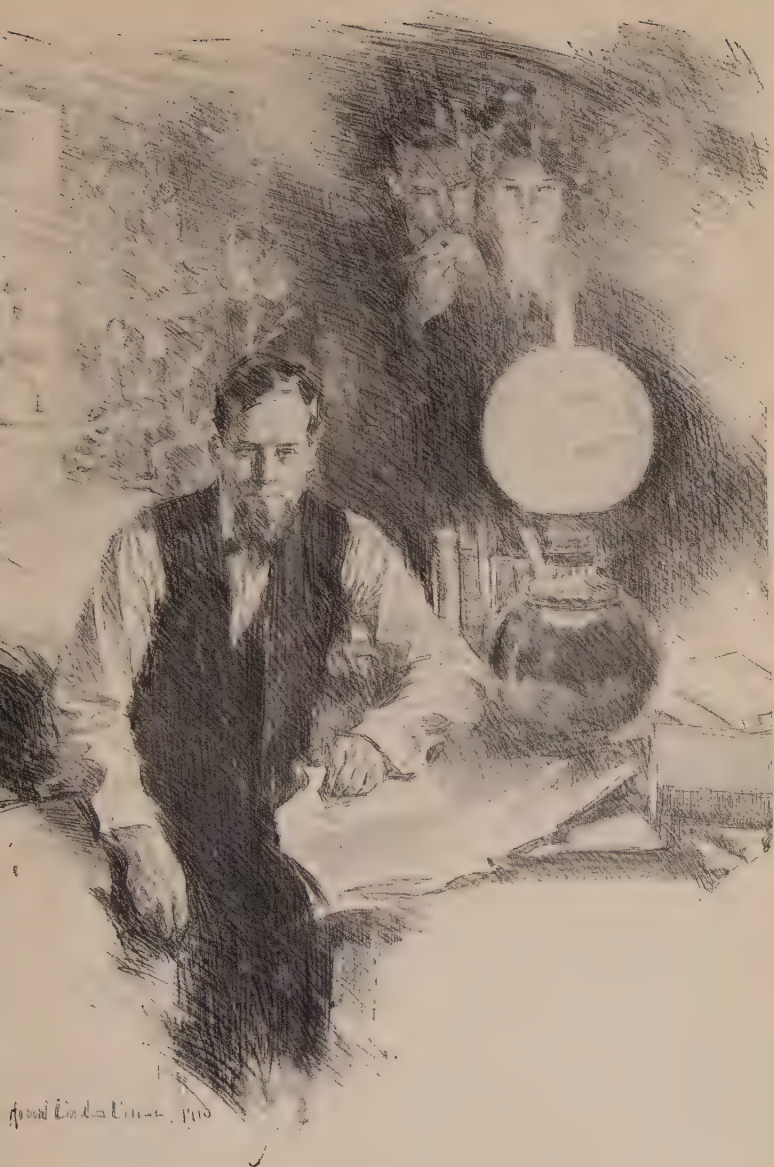
HOME-FOLKS!—Well, that-air name, to me,  
Sounds jis the same as *poetry*—  
That is, ef poetry is jis  
As sweet as I've hearn tell it is!

Home-Folks—they're jis the same as *kin*—  
All brung up, same as *we* have bin,  
Without no overpowerin' sense  
Of their oncommon consequence!

They've bin to school, but not to git  
The habit fastened on 'em yit  
So as to ever interfere  
With *other* work 'at's waitin' here:

Home-Folks has crops to plant and plow,  
Er lives in town and keeps a cow;  
But whether country-jakes er town-,  
They know when eggs is up er down!

La! can't you *spot* 'em—when you meet  
'Em *anywheres*—in field er street?  
And can't you see their faces, bright  
As circus-day, heave into sight?



“Home folks! — well, that-air name, to me,  
Sounds jis the same as *poetry*”





And can't you hear their "Howdy!" clear  
As a brook's chuckle to the ear,  
And allus find their laughin' eyes  
As fresh and clear as morning skies?

And can't you—when they've gone away—  
Jis feel 'em shakin' hands, all day?  
And feel, too, you've bin higher raised  
By sich a meetin'?—God be praised!

Oh, Home-Folks! you're the best of all  
'At ranges this terreschul ball,—  
But, north er south, er east er west,  
It's home is where you're at your best.—

It's home—it's home your faces shine,  
In-nunder your own fig and vine—  
Your fambly and your neighbors 'bout  
Ye, and the latch-string hangin' out.

Home-Folks—at *home*,—I know o' one  
Old feller now 'at hain't got none.—  
Invite him—he may hold back some—  
But *you* invite him, and he'll come.

## AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING

1900

FATHER all bountiful, in mercy bear  
With this our universal voice of prayer—  
The voice that needs must be  
Upraised in thanks to Thee,  
O Father, from Thy children everywhere.

A multitudinous voice, wherein we fain  
Wouldst have Thee hear no lightest sob of pain—  
No murmur of distress,  
Nor moan of loneliness,  
Nor drip of tears, though soft as summer rain.

And, Father, give us first to comprehend,  
No ill can come from Thee; lean Thou and lend  
Us clearer sight to see  
Our boundless debt to Thee,  
Since all thy deeds are blessings, in the end.

And let us feel and know that, being Thine,  
We are inheritors of hearts divine,  
And hands endowed with skill,  
And strength to work Thy will,  
And fashion to fulfilment Thy design.

1982

So, let us thank Thee, with all self aside,  
Nor any lingering taint of mortal pride;  
    As here to Thee we dare  
    Uplift our faltering prayer,  
Lend it some fervor of the glorified.

We thank Thee that our land is loved of Thee  
The blessed home of thrift and industry,  
    With ever-open door  
    Of welcome to the poor—  
Thy shielding hand o'er all abidingly.

Even thus we thank Thee for the wrong that grew  
Into a right that heroes battled to,  
    With brothers long estranged,  
    Once more as brothers ranged  
Beneath the red and white and starry blue.

Ay, thanks—though tremulous the thanks  
    expressed—  
Thanks for the battle at its worst, and best—  
    For all the clanging fray  
    Whose discord dies away  
Into a pastoral song of peace and rest.

TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE AUTHORS' CLUB RECEPTION, NEW YORK,  
DECEMBER 6, 1900

IT is a various tribute you command,  
O Poet-seer and World-sage in one!—  
The scholar greets you; and the student; and  
The stoic—and his visionary son:  
The painter, harvesting with quiet eye  
Your features; and the sculptor, dreaming, too,  
A classic marble figure, lifted high  
Where Fame's immortal ones are waiting you.

The man of letters, with his wistful face;  
The grizzled scientist; the young A.B.;  
The true historian, of force and grace;  
The orator, of pure simplicity;  
The journalist—the editor, likewise;  
The young war-correspondent; and the old  
War-seasoned general, with sagging eyes,  
And nerve and hand of steel, and heart of gold.

The serious humorist; the blithe divine;  
The lawyer, with that twinkling look he wears;  
The bleak-faced man in the dramatic line;  
The social lion—and the bulls and bears;

These—these, and more, O favored guest of all,  
Have known your benefactions, and are led  
To pay their worldly homage, and to call  
Down Heaven's blessings on your honored head.

Ideal, to the utmost plea of art—  
As real, to labor's most exacting need,—  
Your dual services of soul and heart  
Enrich the world alike in dream and deed:  
For you have brought to us, from out the mine  
Delved but by genius in scholastic soil,  
The blended treasures of a wealth divine,—  
Your peerless gift of song—your life of toil.



## WHEN WE FIRST PLAYED "SHOW"

WASN'T it a good time,  
Long Time Ago—  
When we all were little tads  
And first played "Show"!—  
When every newer day  
Wore as bright a glow  
As the ones we laughed away—  
Long Time Ago!

Calf was in the back-lot;  
Clover in the red;  
Bluebird in the pear tree;  
Pigeons on the shed;  
Tom a-chargin' twenty pins  
At the barn; and Dan  
Spraddled out just like "The  
'Injarubber'-Man!"

Me and Bub and Rusty,  
Eck and Dunk and Sid,  
'Tumblin' on the sawdust  
Like the A-rabs did;

Jamesy on the slack-rope  
In a wild retreat,  
Grappling back, to start again—  
When he chalked his feet!

Wasn't Eck a wonder,  
In his stocking-tights?  
Wasn't Dunk—his leaping lion—  
Chief of all delights?  
Yes, and wasn't "Little Mack"  
Boss of all the Show,—  
Both Old Clown and Candy-Butcher—  
Long Time Ago!

Sid the Bareback-Rider;  
And—oh-me-oh-*my*!—  
Bub, the spruce Ring-Master,  
Stepping round so spry!—  
In his little waist-and-trousers  
All made in one,  
Was there a prouder youngster  
Under the sun!

And now—who will tell me,—  
Where are they all?  
Dunk's a sanatorium doctor,  
Up at Waterfall;  
Sid's a city street-contractor;  
Tom has fifty clerks;  
And Jamesy he's the "Iron Magnate"  
Of "The Hecla Works."

And Bub's old and bald now,  
    Yet still he hangs on,—  
Dan and Eck and "Little Mack,"  
    Long, long gone!  
But wasn't it a good time,  
    Long Time Ago—  
When we all were little tads  
    And first played "Show"!

WILLIAM PINKNEY FISHBACK

SAY first he loved the dear home-hearts, and  
then  
He loved his honest fellow citizen—  
He loved and honored him, in any post  
Of duty where he served mankind the most.

All that he asked of him in humblest need  
Was but to find him striving to succeed;  
All that he asked of him in highest place  
Was justice to the lowliest of his race.

When he found these conditions, proved and tried,  
He owned he marveled, but was satisfied—  
Relaxed in vigilance enough to smile  
And, with his own wit, flay himself a while.

Often he liked real anger—as, perchance,  
The summer skies like storm-clouds and the glance  
Of lightning—for the clearer, purer blue  
Of heaven, and the greener old earth, too.

All easy things to do he did with care,  
Knowing the very common danger there;  
In noblest conquest of supreme debate  
The facts are simple as the victory great.

That which had been a task to hardiest minds  
To him was as a pleasure, such as finds  
The captive-truant, doomed to read throughout  
The one lone book he really cares about.

Study revived him: Howsoever dim  
And deep the problem, 'twas a joy to him  
To solve it wholly; and he seemed as one  
Refreshed and rested as the work was done.

And he had gathered, from all wealth of lore  
That time has written, such a treasure-store,  
His mind held opulence—his speech the rare  
Fair grace of sharing all his riches there—

Sharing with all, but with the greatest zest  
Sharing with those who seemed the neediest;  
The young he ever favored; and through these  
Shall he live longest in men's memories.



## A GOOD MAN

### I

A GOOD man never dies—  
In worthy deed and prayer  
And helpful hands, and honest eyes,  
If smiles or tears be there:  
Who lives for you and me—  
Lives for the world he tries  
To help—he lives eternally.  
A good man never dies.

### II

Who lives to bravely take  
His share of toil and stress,  
And, for his weaker fellows' sake,  
Makes every burden less,—  
He may, at last, seem worn—  
Lie fallen—hands and eyes  
Folded—yet, though we mourn and mourn,  
A good man never dies.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

TO the lorn ones who loved him first and best,  
And knew his dear love at its tenderest,  
We seem akin—we simplest friends who knew  
His fellowship, of heart and spirit too:

We who have known the happy summertide  
Of his ingenuous nature, glorified  
With the inspiring smile that ever lit  
The earnest face and kindly strength of it:

His presence, all-commanding, as his thought  
Into unconscious eloquence was wrought  
Until the utterance became a spell  
That awed us as a spoken miracle.

Learning, to him was native—was, in truth,  
The earliest playmate of his lisping youth,  
Likewise throughout a life of toil and stress,  
It was as laughter, health and happiness:

And so he played with it—joyed at its call—  
Ran rioting with it, forgetting all  
Delights of childhood, and of age and fame,—  
A devotee of learning, still the same!

In fancy, even now we catch the glance  
Of the rapt eye and radiant countenance,  
As when his discourse, like a woodland's stream,  
Flowed musically on from theme to theme:

The skies, the stars, the mountains and the sea,  
He worshiped as their high divinity—  
Nor did his reverent spirit find one thing  
On earth too lowly for his worshiping.

The weed, the rose, the wildwood or the plain,  
The teeming harvest, or the blighted grain,—  
All—all were fashioned beautiful and good,  
As the soul saw and senses understood.

Thus broadly based, his spacious faith and love  
Enfolded all below as all above—  
Nay, ev'n if overmuch he loved mankind,  
He gave his love's vast largess as designed.

Therefore, in fondest, faithful service, he  
Wrought ever bravely for humanity—  
Stood, first of heroes for the Right allied—  
Foes, even, grieving, when (for them) he died.

This was the man we loved—are loving yet,  
And still shall love while longing eyes are wet  
With selfish tears that well were brushed away,  
Remembering his smile of yesterday.—

For, even as we knew him, smiling still,  
Somewhere beyond all earthly ache or ill,  
He waits with the old welcome—just as when  
We met him smiling, we shall meet again.

## HIS HEART OF CONSTANT YOUTH

*And I never hear the drums beat  
that I do not think of him.*

—MAJOR CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN

TURN through his life, each word and deed  
Now sacred as it is—  
How helped and soothed we are to read  
A history like his!

To turn the years, in far review,  
And find him—as To-day—  
In orchard-lands of bloom and dew  
Again a boy at play:

The jeweled grass—the sumptuous trees  
And flower and fragrance there,  
With song of birds and drone of bees  
And Spring-time everywhere:

Turn any chapter that we will,  
Read any page, in sooth,  
We find his glad heart owning still  
The freshness of his youth.

With such a heart of tender care  
He loved his own, and thus  
His home was, to the loved ones there,  
A temple glorious.

And, ever youthful, still his love  
Enshrined, all manifold,  
The people—all the poor thereof,  
The helpless and the old.

And little children—Ah! to them  
His love was as the sun  
Wrought in a magic diadem  
That crowned them, every one.

And ever young his reverence for  
The laws: like morning-dew  
He shone as counsel, orator,  
And clear logician, too.

And, as a boy, his gallant soul  
Made answer to the trill  
Of battle-trumpet and the roll  
Of drums that echo still:

His comrades—as his country, dear—  
They knew, and ever knew  
That buoyant, boyish love, sincere  
As truth itself is true:

He marched with them, in tireless tramp—  
    Laughed, cheered and lifted up  
The battle-chorus, and in camp  
    Shared blanket, pipe and cup.

His comrades! . . . When you meet again,  
    In anguish though you bow,  
Remember how he loved you then,  
    And how he loves you *now*.



## THE PATHS OF PEACE

MAURICE THOMPSON—FEBRUARY 15, 1901

HE would have holiday—outworn, in sooth,  
Would turn again to seek the old release,—  
The open fields—the loved haunts of his youth—  
The woods, the waters, and the paths of peace.

The rest—the recreation he would choose  
Be his abidingly! Long has he served  
And greatly—ay, and greatly let us use  
Our grief, and yield him nobly as deserved.

Perchance—with subtler senses than our own  
And love exceeding ours—he listens thus  
To ever nearer, clearer pipings blown  
From out the lost lands of Theocritus.

Or haply, he is beckoned from us here,  
By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood,  
Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner  
Before the blithe Immortal, Robin Hood.

Or, mayhap, Chaucer signals, and with him  
And his rare fellows he goes pilgriming;  
Or Walton signs him, o'er the morning brim  
Of misty waters midst the dales of Spring.

Ho! wheresoe'er he goes, or whosoe'er  
He fares with, he has bravely earned the boon.  
Be his the open, and the glory there  
Of April-buds, May-blooms and flowers of June!

Be his the glittering dawn, the twinkling dew,  
The breathless pool or gush of laughing streams—  
Be his the triumph of the coming true  
Of all his loveliest dreams!

## THE TRIBUTE OF HIS HOME

BENJAMIN HARRISON—INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH  
14, 1901

**B**OWED, midst a universal grief that makes  
Columbia's self a stricken mourner, cast  
In tears beneath the old Flag at half-mast,  
A sense of glory rouses us and breaks  
Like song upon our sorrowing and shakes  
The dew from our drenched eyes, that smile at  
last

In childish pride—as though the great man passed  
To his most high reward for our poor sakes.  
Loved of all men—we muse,—yet ours he was—  
Choice of the Nation's mighty brotherhood—  
Her soldier, statesman, ruler.—Ay, but then,  
We knew him—long before the world's applause  
And after—as a neighbor, kind and good,  
Our common friend and fellow citizen.

## AMERICA

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901

*O Thou, America—Messiah of Nations!*

### I

**I**N the need that bows us thus,  
America!  
Shape a mighty song for us—  
America!  
Song to whelm a hundred years'  
Roar of wars and rain of tears  
'Neath a world's triumphant cheers:  
America! America!

### II

Lift the trumpet to thy mouth,  
America!  
East and West and North and South—  
America!  
Call us round the dazzling shrine  
Of the starry old ensign—  
New baptized in blood of thine,  
America! America!

## III

Dying eyes through pitying mists,  
America!  
See the Assassin's shackled wrists,  
America!  
Patient eyes that turn their sight  
From all blackening crime and blight  
Still toward Heaven's holy light—  
America! America!

## IV

High o'erlooking sea and land,  
America!  
Trustfully with outheld hand,  
America!  
Thou dost welcome all in quest  
Of thy freedom, peace and rest—  
Every exile is thy guest,  
America! America!

## V

Thine a universal love,  
America!  
Thine the cross and crown thereof,  
America!  
Aid us, then, to sing thy worth:  
God hath builded, from thy birth,  
The first nation of the earth—  
America! America!

## EVEN AS A CHILD

CANTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901

**E**VEN as a child to whom sad neighbors speak  
In symbol, saying that his father "sleeps"—  
Who feels their meaning, even as his cheek  
Feels the first tear-drop as it stings and leaps—  
Who keenly knows his loss, and yet denies  
Its awful import—grieves unreconciled,  
Moans, drownses—rouses, with new-drowning eyes—  
Even as a child.

Even as a child; with empty, aimless hand  
Clasped sudden to the heart all hope deserts—  
With tears that blur all lights on sea or land—  
The lip that quivers and the throat that hurts:  
Even so, the Nation that has known his love  
Is orphaned now; and, whelmed in anguish wild  
Knows but its sorrow and the ache thereof,  
Even as a child.

## THE HOOSIER IN EXILE

THE Hoosier in Exile—a toast  
That by its very sound  
Moves us, at first, to tears almost,  
And sympathy profound;  
But musing for a little space,  
We lift the glass and smile,  
And poise it with a royal grace—  
The Hoosier in Exile!

The Hoosier in Exile, forsooth!  
For though his steps may roam  
The earth's remotest bounds, in truth  
His heart is ever home!  
O loyal still to every tie  
Of native fields and streams,  
His boyhood friends, and paths whereby  
He finds them in his dreams!

Though he may fare the thronging maze  
Of alien city streets,  
His thoughts are set in grassy ways  
And woodlands' cool retreats;



Forever, clear and sweet above  
The traffic's roar and din,  
In breezy groves he hears the dove,  
And is at peace within.

When newer friends and generous hands  
Advance him, he returns  
Due gratefulness, yet, pausing, stands  
As one who strangely yearns  
To pay still further thanks, but sighs  
To think he knows not where,  
Till—like as life—with misty eyes  
He sees his mother there.

The Hoosier in Exile? Ah, well,  
Accept the phrase, but know  
The Hoosier heart must ever dwell  
Where orchard blossoms grow  
The whitest, apples reddest, and,  
In cornlands, mile on mile,  
The old homesteads forever stand—  
"The Hoosier in Exile!"

## THE QUEST OF THE FATHERS

WHAT were our Forefathers trying to find  
When they weighed anchor, that desperate  
hour

They turned from home, and the warning wind  
Sighed in the sails of the old Mayflower?  
What sought they that could compensate  
Their hearts for the loved ones left behind—  
The household group at the glowing grate?—  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

What were they trying to find more dear  
Than their native land and its annals old,—  
Its throne—its church—and its worldly cheer—  
Its princely state, and its hoarded gold?  
What more dear than the mounds of green  
There o'er the brave sires, slumbering long?  
What more fair than the rural scene—  
What more sweet than the throstle's song?

Faces pallid, but sternly set,  
Lips locked close, as in voiceless prayer,  
And eyes with never a tear-drop wet—  
Even the tenderest woman's there!

But O the light from the soul within,  
As each spake each with a flashing mind—  
As the lightning speaks to its kith and kin!  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

Argonauts of a godless day—  
Seers of visions, and dreamers vain!  
Their ship's foot set in a pathless way,—  
The fogs, the mists, and the blinding rain!—  
When the gleam of sun, and moon and star  
Seemed lost so long they were half forgot—  
When the fixed eyes found nor near nor far,  
And the night whelmed all, and the world was not.

And yet, befriended in some strange wise,  
They groped their way in the storm and stress  
Through which—though their look found not the  
skies—

The Lord's look found *them* ne'ertheless—  
Found them, yea, in their piteous lot,  
As they in their faith from the first divined—  
Found them, and favored them—too. But what—  
What were our Forefathers trying to find?

Numb and agasp, with the frost for breath,  
They came on a frozen shore, at last,  
As bleak and drear as the coasts of death,—  
And yet their psalm o'er the wintry blast  
Rang glad as though 'twere the chiming mirth  
Of jubilant children landing there—  
Until o'er all of the icy earth  
The snows seemed warm, as they knelt in prayer.

For, lo! they were close on the trail they sought:—

In the sacred soil of the rights of men

They marked where the Master-hand had wrought;

And there they garnered and sowed again.—

*Their* land—then *ours*, as to-day it is,

With its flag of heaven's own light designed,

And God's vast love o'er all. . . . And *this*

Is what our Forefathers were trying to find.

## TO THE MOTHER

THE mother-hands no further toil may know;  
The mother-eyes smile not on you and me;  
The mother-heart is stilled, alas!—But O  
The mother-love abides eternally.

## NEW YEAR'S NURSERY JINGLE

**O**F all the rhymes of all the climes  
Of where and when and how,  
We best and most can boost and boast  
The Golden Age of NOW!

## FOOL-YOUNGENS

**M**E an' Bert an' Minnie-Belle  
Knows a joke, an' we won't tell!  
No, we don't—'cause we don't know  
*Why* we got to laughin' so;  
But we got to laughin' so,  
We ist kep' a-laughin'.

Wind uz blowin' in the tree—  
An' wuz only ist us three  
Playin' there; an' ever' one  
Ketched each other, like we done,  
Squintin' up there at the sun  
Like we wuz a-laughin'.

Nothin' funny anyway;  
But I laughed, an' so did they—  
An' we all three laughed, an' nen  
Squint' our eyes an' laugh' again:  
Ner we didn't ist *p'ten'*—  
We wuz *shore-'nough* laughin'.

We ist laugh' an' laugh', tel Bert  
Say he *can't* quit an' it hurt.  
Nen I *howl*, an' Minnie-Belle



She tear up the grass a spell  
An' ist stop her yeers an' *yell*  
Like she'd *die* a-laughin'.

Never sich fool-youngens yit!  
Nothin' funny,—not a bit!—  
But we laugh' so, tel we whoop'  
Purt' nigh like we have the croup—  
All so hoarse we'd wheeze an' whoop  
An' ist *choke* a-laughin',

## A GUSTATORY ACHIEVEMENT

LAST Thanksgivin'-dinner we  
Let at Granny's house, an' she  
Had—ist like she alluz does—  
Most an' best pies ever wuz.

Canned *blackburry*-pie an' *goose-*  
*Bur*ry, squushin'-full o' juice;  
An' *rozburry*—yes, an' plum—  
Yes, an' *chur*ry-pie—*um-yum!*

Peach an' punkin, too, you bet.  
Lawzy! I kin taste 'em yet!  
Yes, an' *custard*-pie, an' *mince!*

. . . . .  
An'—I—*ain't*—et—no—pie—since!

## BILLY AND HIS DRUM

**H**O! it's come, kids, come!  
With a bim! bam! bum!  
Here's little Billy bangin' on his  
big bass drum!  
He's a-marchin' round the room,  
With his feather-duster plume  
A-noddin' an' a-bobbin' with his  
bim! bom! boom!

Looky, little Jane an' Jim!  
Will you only look at him,  
A-humpin' an' a-thumpin' with his  
bam! bom! bim!  
Has the Day o' Judgment come  
Er the New Mi-len-nee-um?  
Er is it only Billy with his  
bim! bam! bum!

I'm a-comin'; yes, I am—  
Jim an' Sis, an' Jane an' Sam!  
We'll all march off with Billy an' his  
bom! bim! bam!

Come hurrawin' as you come,  
Er they'll think you're deaf-an'-dumb  
Ef you don't hear little Billy an' his  
big bass drum!

## A DIVERTED TRAGEDY

GRACIE wuz allus a *careless* tot;  
But Gracie dearly loved her doll,  
An' played wiv it on the winder-sill  
'Way up-stairs, when she ought to *not*,  
An' her muvver *telled* her so an' all;  
But she won't *mind* what *she* say—till,  
First thing she know, her dolly fall  
Clean spang out o' the winder, plumb  
Into the street! An' here Grace come  
Down-stairs, two at a time, ist wild  
An' a-screamin', "Oh, my child! my child!"

Jule wuz a-bringin' their basket o' clo'es  
Ist then into their hall down there,—  
An' she ist stop' when Gracie bawl,  
An' Jule she say "She ist declare  
She's ist in time!" An' what you s'pose?  
She sets her basket down in the hall,  
An' wite on top o' the snowy clo'es  
Wuz Gracie's dolly a-layin' there  
An' ist ain't bu'st ner hurt a-tall!  
Nen Gracie smiled—ist *sobbed* an' smiled—  
An' cried, "My child! my precious child!"

## THOMAS THE PRETENDER

TOMMY'S alluz playin' jokes,  
An' actin' up, an' foolin' folks;  
An' wunst one time he creep  
In Pa's big chair, he did, one night,  
An' squint an' shut his eyes bofe tight,  
An' say, "Now I'm asleep."  
An' nen we knowed, an' Ma know' too,  
He *ain't* asleep no more'n you!

An' wunst he clumbed on our back-fence  
An' flop his arms an' nen commence  
To crow, like he's a hen;  
But when he falled off, like he done,  
He didn't fool us childern none,  
Ner didn't *crow* again.  
An' our Hired Man, as he come by,  
Says, "Tom can't *crow*, but he kin *cry*."

An' one time wunst Tom 'tend'-like he's  
His Pa an' goin' to rob the bees;  
An', first he know—oh, dear!  
They ist come swarmin' out o' there

An' sting him, an' stick in his hair—

An' one got in his yeer!—

An' Uncle sigh an' say to Ma,

An' grease the welts, "Pore Pa! pore Pa!"



## TO MY SISTER

A BELATED OFFERING FOR HER BIRTHDAY

THESE books you find three weeks behind

Your honored anniversary  
Make me, I fear, to here appear  
Mayhap a trifle cursory.—  
Yet while the Muse must thus refuse  
The chords that fall caressfully,  
She seems to stir the publisher  
And dealer quite successfully.

As to our *birthdays*—let 'em run  
Until they whir and whiz!  
Read Robert Louis Stevenson,  
And hum these lines of his:—  
“The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,  
Shall break on hill and plain  
And put all stars and candles out  
Ere we be young again.”

## THE SOLDIER

THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS'  
MONUMENT, INDIANAPOLIS, MAY 15, 1902

THE Soldier!—meek the title, yet divine:  
Therefore, with reverence, as with wild  
acclaim,  
We fain would honor in exalted line  
The glorious lineage of the glorious name:  
The Soldier.—Lo, he ever was and is,  
Our Country's high custodian, by right  
Of patriot blood that brims that heart of his  
With fiercest love, yet honor infinite.

The Soldier—within whose inviolate care  
The Nation takes repose,—her inmost fane  
Of Freedom ever has its guardian there,  
As have her forts and fleets on land and main:  
The Heavenward Banner, as its ripples stream  
In happy winds, or float in languid flow,  
Through silken meshes ever sifts the gleam  
Of sunshine on its Sentinel below.

The Soldier!—Why, the very utterance  
Is music—as of rallying bugles, blent  
With blur of drums and cymbals and the chants  
Of battle-hymns that shake the continent!—  
The thunder-chorus of a world is stirred  
To awful, universal jubilee,—  
Yet ever through it, pure and sweet, are heard  
The prayers of Womanhood, and Infancy.

Even as a fateful tempest sudden loosed  
Upon our senses, so our thoughts are blown  
Back where The Soldier battled, nor refused  
A grave all nameless in a clime unknown.—  
The Soldier—though, perchance, worn, old and  
gray;  
The Soldier—though, perchance, the merest  
lad,—  
The Soldier—though he gave his life away,  
Hearing the shout of “Victory,” was glad;

Ay, glad and grateful, that in such a cause  
His veins were drained at Freedom’s holy  
shrine—  
Rechristening the land—as first it was,—  
His blood poured thus in sacramental sign  
Of new baptism of the hallowed name  
“My Country”—now on every lip once more  
And blest of God with still enduring fame.—  
This thought even then The Soldier gloried  
o’er.

The dying eyes upraised in rapture there,—  
As, haply, he remembered how a breeze  
Once swept his boyish brow and tossed his hair,  
Under the fresh bloom of the orchard-trees—  
When his heart hurried, in some wistful haste  
Of ecstasy, and his quick breath was wild  
And balmy-sharp and chilly-sweet to taste,—  
And he towered godlike, though a trembling  
child!

Again, through luminous mists, he saw the skies'  
Far fields white-tented; and in gray and blue  
And dazzling gold, he saw vast armies rise  
And fuse in fire—from which, in swiftest view,  
The Old Flag soared, and friend and foe as one  
Blent in an instant's vivid mirage. . . . Then  
The eyes closed smiling on the smiling sun  
That changed the seer to a child again.—

And, even so, The Soldier slept.—Our own!—  
The Soldier of our plaudits, flowers and  
tears,—  
O this memorial of bronze and stone—  
His love shall outlast *this* a thousand years!  
Yet, as the towering symbol bids us do,—  
With soul saluting, as salutes the hand,  
We answer as The Soldier answered to  
The Captain's high command.

## A CHRISTMAS GLEE

FEIGNED AS FROM ELIZABETHAN COMEDY

### I

WITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho glee!  
O a Christmas glass for a sweet-lipped lass  
To kiss and pass, in her coquetry—  
So rare!  
And the lads all flush save the right one there—  
So rare—so rare!  
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho—oh!  
The Christmas holly and the mistletoe!

### II

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho wile!  
As he lifts the cup and his wan face up,  
Her eyes touch his with a tender smile—  
So rare!  
Then his hands grasp out—and her own are there—  
So rare—so rare!  
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho—oh!  
The Christmas holly and the mistletoe!

*A CHRISTMAS GLEE*

2023

CHORUS

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho-ho!  
The wind, the winter and the drifting snow!  
With a hey! and a hi! and a ho—oh!  
The Christmas holly and the mistletoe!

## NO BOY KNOWS

THERE are many things that boys may  
know—

Why this and that are thus and so,—  
Who made the world in the dark and lit  
The great sun up to lighten it:  
Boys know new things every day—  
When they study, or when they play,—  
When they idle, or sow and reap—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen—or should, at least,—  
May know that the round old earth rolls East;—  
And know that the ice and the snow and the  
rain—

Ever repeating their parts again—  
Are all just water the sunbeams first  
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,  
And pour again till the low streams leap.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while  
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,  
When forth he fared in the realm divine  
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;—

He may know each call of his truant mates,  
And the paths they went,—and the pasture-gates  
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so  
    deep.—

But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

O I have followed me, o'er and o'er,  
From the flagrant drowse on the parlor-floor,  
To the pleading voice of the mother when  
I even doubted I heard it then—  
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,  
And dewy odors of locust-bloom—  
A sweet white cot—and a cricket's cheep.—  
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.



## HIS PA'S ROMANCE

ALL 'at I ever want to be  
Is ist to be a man like Pa  
When he wuz young an' married Ma!  
Uncle he telled us yisterdy  
Ist all about it then—'cause they,  
My Pa an' Ma, wuz bofe away  
To 'tend P'tracted Meetin', where  
My Pa an' Ma is allus there  
When all the big "Revivals" is,  
An' "Love-Feasts," too, an' "Class," an'  
"Prayer,"  
An' when's "Comoonian Servicis."  
An', yes, an' Uncle said to not  
To never tell *them* ner let on  
Like we knowed now ist how they got  
First married. So—while they wuz gone—  
Uncle he telled us ever'thing—  
'Bout how my Pa wuz ist a pore  
Farm-boy.—He says, I tell you *what*,  
Your Pa *wuz* pore! But neighbors they  
All liked him—all but one old man  
An' his old wife that folks all say  
Nobody liked, ner never can!

Yes, sir! an' Uncle purt' nigh swore  
About the mean old man an' way  
He treat' my Pa!—'cause he's a pore  
Farm-hand—but prouder 'an a king—  
An' ist work' on, he did, an' wore  
His old patched clo'es, ist anyway,  
So he saved up his wages—then  
He ist worked on an' saved some more,  
An' ist worked on, ist night an' day—  
Till, sir, he save' up nine er ten  
Er hunnerd dollars! But he keep  
All still about it, Uncle say—  
But he ist thinks—an' thinks a heap!  
Though what he wuz a-thinkin', Pa  
He never tell' a soul but Ma—  
(Then, course, you know, he wuzn't Pa,  
An', course, you know, she wuzn't Ma—  
They wuz ist sweethearts, course you know);  
'Cause Ma wuz ist a girl, about  
Sixteen; an' when my Pa he go  
A-courtin' her, her Pa an' Ma—  
The very first they find it out—  
Wuz maddest folks you ever saw!  
'Cause it wuz her old Ma an' Pa  
'At hate' my Pa, an' toss their head,  
An' ist raise Ned! An' her Pa said  
He'd ruther see his daughter dead!  
An' said she's ist a child!—an' so  
Wuz Pa!—An' ef he wuz man-grown  
An' only man on earth below,  
His daughter shouldn't marry him

Ef he's a king an' on his throne!  
Pa's chances then looked mighty slim  
Fer certain, Uncle said. But he—  
He never told a soul but her  
What he wuz keepin' quiet fer.  
Her folks ist lived a mile from where  
He lived at—an' they drove past there  
To git to town. An' ever' one  
An' all the neighbors they liked her  
An' showed it! But her folks—no, sir!—  
Nobody liked her parunts none!  
An' so when they shet down, you know,  
On Pa—an' old man tell' him so—  
Pa ist went back to work, an' she  
Ist waited. An', sir! purty soon  
Her folks they thought he's turned his eye  
Some other way—'cause by-an'-by  
They heard he'd *rented* the old place  
He worked on. An' one afternoon  
A neighbor, that had bust' a trace,  
*He* tell' the old man they wuz signs  
Around the old place that the young  
Man wuz a-fixin' up the old  
Log cabin some, an' he had brung  
New furnichur from town; an' told  
How th' old house 'uz whitewashed clean  
An' sweet wiv morning-glory vines  
An' hollyhawks all 'round the door  
An' winders—an' a bran'-new floor  
In th' old porch—an' wite-new green-  
An'-red pump in the old sweep-well!

An', Uncle said, when he hear tell  
O' all them things, the old man he  
Ist grin' an' says, he "reckon' now  
Some gal, er widder anyhow,  
That silly boy he's coaxed at last  
To marry him!" he says, says-ee,  
"An' ef he has, 'so mote it be'!"  
Then went back to the house to tell  
His *wife* the news, as he went past  
The smokehouse, an' then went on in  
The kitchen, where his daughter she  
Wuz washin', to tell *her*, an' grin  
An' try to worry her a spell!  
The mean old thing! But Uncle said  
She ain't cry much—ist pull her old  
Sunbonnet forrerd on her head—  
So's old man he can't see her face  
At all! An' when he s'pose he scold  
An' jaw enough, he ist clear' out  
An' think he's boss of all the place!

Then Uncle say, the first you know  
They's go' to be a Circus-show  
In town; an' old man think he'll take  
His wife an' go. An' when she say  
To take their daughter, too, *she* shake  
Her head like she don't *want* to go;  
An' when he sees she wants to stay,  
The old man takes her, anyway!  
An' so she went! But Uncle he  
Said she looked mighty sweet that day,

Though she wuz pale as she could be,  
A-speshully a-drivin' by  
Wite where her beau lived at, you know;  
But out the corner of his eye  
The old man watch' her; but she throw  
Her pairsol 'round so she can't see  
The house at all! An' then she hear  
Her Pa an' Ma a-talkin' low  
An' kind o' laughin'-like; but she  
Ist set there in the seat behind,  
P'tendin' like she didn't mind.  
An', Uncle say, when they got past  
The young man's place, an' 'pearantly  
He wuzn't home, but off an' gone  
To town, the old man turned at last  
An' talked back to his daughter there,  
All pleasant-like, from then clean on  
Till they got into town, an' where  
The Circus wuz, an' on inside  
O' that, an' through the crowd, on to  
The very top seat in the tent  
Wite next the band—a-bangin' through  
A tune 'at bu'st his yeers in two!  
An' there the old man scrouged an' tried  
To make his wife set down, an' she  
A-yellin'! But ist what she meant  
He couldn't hear, ner couldn't see  
Till she turned 'round an' pinte. Then  
He turned an' looked—an' looked again! . . .  
He ist saw neighbors ever'where—  
But, sir, *his daughter* wuzn't there!

An', Uncle says, he even saw  
Her beau, you know, he hated so;  
An' he wuz with some other girl.  
An' then he heard the Clown "Haw-haw!"  
An' saw the horses wheel an' whirl  
Around the ring, an' heard the zipp  
O' the Ringmaster's long slim whip—  
But that whole Circus, Uncle said,  
Wuz all inside the old man's head!

An' Uncle said, he didn't find  
His daughter all that afternoon—  
An' her Ma says she'll lose her mind  
Ef they don't find her purty soon!  
But, though they looked all day, an' stayed  
There fer the night p'formance—not  
No use at all!—they never laid  
Their eyes on her. An' then they got  
Their team out, an' the old man shook  
His fist at all the town, an' then  
Shook it up at the moon ag'in,  
An' said his time 'ud come, some day!  
An' jerked the lines an' driv away.

Uncle, he said, he s'pect, that night,  
The old man's madder yet when they  
Drive past the young man's place, an' hear  
A fiddle there, an' see a light  
Inside, an' shadders light an' gay  
A-dancin' 'crosst the winder-blinds.  
An' some young chaps outside yelled, "Say!  
What 'pears to be the hurry—hey?"

But the old man ist whipped the lines  
An' streaked past like a runaway!  
An' now you'll be su'prised, I bet!—  
I hardly ain't quit laughin' yet  
When Uncle say, that jamboree  
An' dance an' all—w'y, that's a sign  
That any old man ort to see,  
As plain as 8 and 1 makes 9,  
That they's *a weddin'* wite inside  
That very house he's whippin' so  
To git apast!—An', sir! the bride  
There's his own daughter! Yes, an' oh!  
She's my Ma now—an' young man she  
Got married, he's my Pa! *Whoop-ee!*  
But Uncle say to not laugh all  
The laughin' yet, but please save some  
To kind o' spice up what's to come!

Then Uncle say, about next day  
The neighbors they begin to call  
An' wish 'em well, an' say how glad  
An' proud an' tickled ever' way  
Their friends all is—an' how they had  
The lovin' prayers of ever' one  
That had homes of their own! But none  
Said nothin' 'bout the home that she  
Had run away from! So she sighed  
Sometimes—an' wunst she purt' nigh cried  
Well, Uncle say, her old Pa, he  
Ist like to died, he wuz so mad!  
An' her Ma, too! But by-an'-by  
They cool down some.

An', 'bout a week,  
She want to see her Ma so bad,  
She think she'll haf to go! An' so  
She coax him; an' he kiss her cheek  
An' say, Lord bless her, *course* they'll go!  
An', Uncle say, when they're bofe come  
A-knockin' there at her old home—  
W'y, first he know, the door it flew  
Open, all quick, an' she's jerked in,  
An', quicker still, the door's banged to  
An' locked: an' crosst the winder-sill  
The old man pokes a shotgun through  
An' says to git! "You stold my child,"  
He says; "an', now she's back, w'y, you  
Clear out, this minute, er I'll kill  
You! Yes, an' I 'ull kill her, too,  
Ef you don't go!" An' then, all wild,  
His young wife begs him please to go!  
An' so he turn' an' walk'—all slow  
An' pale as death, but awful still  
An' ca'm—back to the gate, an' on  
Into the road, where he had gone  
So many times alone, you know!  
An', Uncle say, a whipperwill  
Holler so lonesome, as he go  
On back to'rds home, he say he 'spec'  
He ist 'ud like to wring its neck!  
An' I ain't think he's goin' back  
All by hisse'f—but Uncle say  
That's what he does, an' it's a fac'!



An' 'pears-like he's goin' back to *stay*—  
'Cause there he stick', ist thataway,  
An' don't go nowheres any more,  
Ner don't nobody ever see  
Him set his foot outside the door—  
Till 'bout five days, a boy loped down  
The road, a-comin' past from town,  
An' he called to him from the gate,  
An' sent the old man word: He's thought  
Things over now; an', while he hate  
To lose his wife, he think she ought  
To mind her Pa an' Ma an' do  
Whatever *they* advise her to.  
An' sends word, too, to come an' git  
Her new things an' the furnichur  
That he had special' bought fer her—  
'Cause, now that they wuz goin' to quit,  
She's free to ist have all of it;—  
So, fer his love fer her, he say  
To come an' git it, wite away.  
An' *spang!* that very afternoon,  
Here come her Ma—ist 'bout as soon  
As old man could hitch up an' tell  
Her "hurry back!" An' 'bout as quick  
As she's drove there to where my Pa—  
I mean to where her son-in-law—  
Lives at, he meets her at the door  
All smilin', though he's awful pale  
An' trimbly—like he's ist been sick;  
He take her in the house—An', 'fore  
She knows it, they's a cellar-door

Shet on her, an' she hears the click  
Of a' old rusty padlock! Then,  
Uncle, he say, she kind o' stands  
An' thinks—an' thinks—an' thinks ag'in—  
An' mayby thinks of her own child  
Locked up—like her! An' Uncle smiled,  
An' I ist laughed an' clapped my hands!  
An' there she stayed! An' she can cry  
Ist all she want! an' yell an' kick  
To ist her heart's content! an' try  
To pry out wiv a quiltin'-stick!  
But Uncle say he guess at last  
She's 'bout give up, an' holler through  
The door-crack fer to please to be  
So kind an' good as send an' tell  
The old man, like she want him to,  
To come 'fore night, an' set her free,  
Er—they wuz rats down there! An' yell  
She did, till, Uncle say, it soured  
The morning's milk in the back yard!  
But all the answer reached her, where  
She's skeered so in the dark down there,  
Wuz ist a mutterin' that she heard,—  
*"I've sent him word!—I've sent him word!"*  
An' shore enough, as Uncle say,  
He has "sent word!"

Well, it's plum night.  
'An' all the house is shet up tight—  
Only one winder 'bout half-way  
Raised up, you know; an' ain't no light

Inside the whole house, Uncle say.  
Then, first you know, there where the team  
Stands hitched yet, there the old man  
stands—

A' old tin lantern in his hands  
An' monkey-wrench; an' he don't seem  
To make things out, a-standin' there.  
He comes on to the gate an' feels  
An' fumbles fer the latch—then hears  
A voice that chills him to the heels—  
“You halt! an' stand right where you air!”  
Then, sir! my—my—his son-in-law,  
There at the winder wiv his gun,  
He tell the old man what he's done:  
“You hold *my* wife a prisoner—  
An' *your* wife, drat ye! I've got *her*!  
An' now, sir,” Uncle say he say,  
“You ist turn round an' climb wite in  
That wagon, an' drive home ag'in  
An' bring my wife back wite away,  
An' we'll trade then—an' not before  
Will I unlock my cellar-door—  
Not fer your wife's sake ner your own,  
But *my* wife's sake—an' hers alone!”  
An', Uncle say, it don't sound like  
It's so, but yet it is!—He say,  
From wite then, somepin' seem' to strike  
The old man's funny-bone some way;  
An', minute more, that team o' his  
Went tearin' down the road *k'whiz*!  
An' in the same two-forty style



“An’ the young man grab an’ kiss an’ hug her, till she make him quit”



Come whizzin' back! An' oh, that-air  
Sweet girl a-cryin' all the while,  
Thinkin' about her Ma there, shet  
In her own daughter's cellar, where—  
Ist week or so *she's* kep' house there—  
She hadn't time to clean it yet!  
So when her Pa an' her they git  
There—an' the young man grab' an' kiss  
An' hug her, till she make him quit  
An' ask him where her mother is.  
An' then he smile' an' try to not;  
Then slow-like find th' old padlock key,  
An' blow a' oat-hull out of it,  
An' then stoop down there where he's got  
Her Ma locked up so keerfully—  
An' where, wite there, he say he thought  
It *ort* to been *the old man*—though  
Uncle, he say, he reckon not—  
When out she bounced, all tickled so  
To taste fresh air ag'in an' find  
Her folks wunst more, an' grab' her child  
An' cry an' laugh, an' even go  
An' hug the old man; an' he wind  
Her in his arms, an' laugh, an' pat  
Her back, an' say he's riconciled,  
In such a happy scene as that,  
To swap his daughter for her Ma,  
An' have so smart a son-in-law  
As *they* had! "Yes, an' he's my Pa!"  
I laugh' an' yell', "Hooray-hooraw!"

TO JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

YOU who to the rounded prime  
Of a life of toil and stress,  
Still have kept the morning-time  
Of glad youth in heart and spirit,  
So your laugh, as children hear it,  
Seems their own, no less,—  
Take this book of childish rhyme—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Their first happiness on earth  
Here is echoed—their first glee:  
Rich, in sooth, the volume's worth—  
Not in classic lore, but rich in  
The child-sagas of the kitchen ;—  
Therefore, take from me  
To your heart of childish mirth  
The Book of Joyous Children.

## THE BOOK OF JOYOUS CHILDREN

BOUND and bordered in leaf-green,  
Edged with trellised buds and flowers  
And glad Summer-gold, with clean  
White and purple morning-glories  
Such as suit the songs and stories  
Of this book of ours,  
Unrevised in text or scene,—  
The Book of Joyous Children.

Wild and breathless in their glee—  
Lawless rangers of all ways  
Winding through lush greenery  
Of Elysian vales—the viny,  
Bowery groves of shady, shiny  
Haunts of childish days.  
Spread and read again with me  
The Book of Joyous Children.

What a whirl of wings, and what  
Sudden drench of dews upon  
The young brows, wreathed, all unsought,  
With the apple-blossom garlands



Of the poets of those far lands  
 Whence all dreams are drawn  
 Set herein and soiling not  
 The Book of Joyous Children.

In their blithe companionship  
 Taste again, these pages through,  
 The hot honey on your lip  
 Of the sun-smit wild strawberry,  
 Or the chill tart of the cherry;  
 Kneel, all glowing, to  
 The cool spring, and with it sip  
 The Book of Joyous Children.

As their laughter needs no rule,  
 So accept their language, pray.—  
 Touch it not with any tool:  
 Surely we may understand it,—  
 As the heart has parsed or scanned it  
 Is a worthy way,  
 Though found not in any School  
 The Book of Joyous Children.

Be a truant—know no place  
 Of prison under heaven's rim!  
 Front the Father's smiling face—  
 Smiling, that *you* smile the brighter  
 For the heavy hearts made lighter,  
 Since you smile with Him.  
 Take—and thank Him for His grace—  
 The Book of Joyous Children.

## ELMER BROWN

AWF'LEST boy in this-here town  
A'er anywheres is Elmer Brown!  
He'll mock you—yes, an' strangers, too,  
An' make a face an' yell at you,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

Yes, an' wunst in School one day,  
An' Teacher's lookin' wite that way,  
He helt his slate, an' hide his head,  
An' maked a face at *her*, an' said,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

An'-sir! when Rosie Wheeler smile  
One morning at him 'crosst the aisle,  
He twist his face all up, an' black  
His nose wiv ink, an' whisper back,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

Wunst when his Aunt's all dressed to call,  
An' kiss him good-by in the hall,  
An' latch the gate an' start away,  
He holler out to her an' say,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

An' when his Pa he read out loud  
The speech he maked, an' feel so proud  
It's in the paper—Elmer's Ma  
She ketched him—wite behind his Pa,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

Nen when his Ma she slip an' take  
Him in the other room an' shake  
Him good! w'y, he don't care—no-sir!—  
He ist look up an' laugh at her,—  
    *"Here's the way you look!"*

## THE RAMBO-TREE

WHEN Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The bird sings low as the bumblebee—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The poor shote-pig he says, says he:  
"When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There's enough for you and enough for me."—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

*For just two truant lads like we,  
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There's enough for you and enough for me—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.*

When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The mole digs out to peep and see—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard!—  
The dusk sags down, and the moon swings free,  
There's a far, lorn call, "Pig-gee! Pig-gee!"  
And two boys—glad enough for three.—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.

*For just two truant lads like we,  
When Autumn shakes the rambo-tree  
There's enough for you and enough for me—  
It's a long, sweet way across the orchard.*

## FIND THE FAVORITE

OUR three cats is Maltese cats,  
An' they's two that's white,—  
An' bofe of 'em's *deef*—an' that's  
'Cause their *eyes* ain't right.—

Uncle say that *Huxley* say  
Eyes of *white* Maltese—  
When they don't match thataway—  
They're *deef* as you please!

*Girls*, *they* like our white cats best,  
'Cause they're white as snow,  
Yes, an' look the *stylish*est—  
But they're *deef*, you know!

They don't know their names, an' don't  
Hear us when we call  
“Come in, Nick an' Finn!”—they won't  
Come fer us at all!

But our *other* cat, *he* knows  
Mister Nick an' Finn,—  
Mowg's *his* name,—an' when *he* goes  
Fer 'em, they come in!

Mowgli's *all* his name—the same  
Me an' Muvver took  
Like the Wolf-Child's *other* name,  
In "The Jungul Book."

I bet Mowg's the smartest cat  
In the world!—*He's* not  
*White*, but mousy-plush, with that  
Smoky gloss he's got!

All's got little bells to ring,  
Round their neck; but none  
Only Mowg *knows* anything—  
He's the only one!

I ist 'spect sometimes he hate  
White cats' stupid ways:—  
He won't hardly 'sociate  
With 'em, lots o' days!

Mowg wants in where *we* air,—well,  
He'll ist take his paw  
An' ist ring an' ring his bell  
There till me er Ma

Er *somebody* lets him in  
Nen an' shuts the door.—  
An', when he wants out ag'in,  
Nen he'll ring some more.

Ort to hear our Katy tell!  
She sleeps 'way up-stairs;  
An' last night she hear Mowg's bell  
Ringin' round *somewheres*. . . .

Trees grows by her winder.—So,  
She lean out an' see  
Mowg up there, 'way out, you know,  
In the clingstone-tree;—

An'-sir! he ist *hint* an' *ring*,—  
Till she ketch an' plat  
Them limbs;—nen he crawl an' spring  
In where Katy's at!



## THE BOY PATRIOT

I WANT to be a Soldier!—  
A Soldier!—  
A Soldier!—

I want to be a Soldier, with a saber in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of the  
band;

I want to hear, high overhead, The Old Flag flap  
her wings

While all the Army, following, in chorus cheers  
and sings;

I want to hear the tramp and jar  
Of patriots a million,  
As gaily dancing off to war  
As dancing a cotillion.

*I want to be a Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a saber in my hand  
Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,  
Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of  
the band.*

I want to see the battle!—

The battle!—

The battle!—

I want to see the battle, and be in it to the end;—

I want to hear the cannon clear their throats and  
catch the prattle

Of all the pretty compliments the enemy can send!—

And then I know my wits will go,—and where I  
*shouldn't* be—

Well, there's the spot, in any fight, that you may  
search for me.

So, when our foes have had their fill,

Though I'm among the dying,

To see The Old Flag flying still,

I'll laugh to leave her flying!

*I want to be a Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*A Soldier!—*

*I want to be a Soldier, with a saber in my hand*

*Or a little carbine rifle, or a musket on my shoulder,*

*Or just a snare-drum, snarling in the middle of  
the band.*

## EXTREMES

### I

A LITTLE boy once played so loud  
That the Thunder, up in a thunder-cloud,  
Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why, then  
I'll never, never thunder again!"

### II

And a little girl once kept so still  
That she heard a fly on the window-sill  
Whisper and say to a ladybird,—  
"She's the stilliest child I ever heard."

## INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS

PARUNTS knows lots more than us,  
But they don't know *all* things,—  
'Cause we ketch 'em, lots o' times,  
Even on little small things.

One time Winnie ask' her Ma,  
At the winder, sewin',  
What's the wind a-doin' when  
It's a-not a-blowin'?

Yes, an' 'Del', that very day,  
When we're nearly froze out,  
He ask' Uncle *where* it goes  
When the fire goes out?

Nen *I* run to ask my Pa,  
That way, somepin' funny;  
But I can't say ist but "Say,"  
When he turn to me an' say,  
"Well, what is it, Honey?"

## A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

SCENE.—*A kitchen.—Group of Children, popping corn.—The Fairy Queen of the Seasons discovered in the smoke of the corn-popper.—Waving her wand, and, with eery, sharp, imperious ejaculations, addressing the bespelled auditors, who neither see nor hear her nor suspect her presence.*

QUEEN

SUMMER or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE JASPER

When I'm dressed warm as warm can be,  
And with boots, to go  
Through the deepest snow,  
Winter-time is the time for me!

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MILDRED

I like blossoms, and birds that sing;  
The grass and the dew,  
And the sunshine, too,—  
So, best of all I like the Spring.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MANDEVILLE

O little friends, I most rejoice  
When I hear the drums  
As the Circus comes,—  
So Summer-time's my special choice.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—  
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE EDITH

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,  
And grapes of blue  
That the bee stings through.—  
Fall—it is all that my heart can hold!

## QUEEN

Soh! my lovelings and pretty dears,  
You've *each* a favorite, it appears,—  
Summer and Winter and Spring and Fall.—  
That's the reason I send them *all*!

## LITTLE DICK AND THE CLOCK

WHEN Dicky was sick  
In the night, and the clock,  
As he listened, said "Tick-  
Atty—tick-atty—tock!"  
He said that *it* said,  
Every time it said "Tick,"  
It said "Sick," instead,  
And he *heard* it say "Sick!"  
And when it said "Tick-  
Atty—tick-atty—tock,"  
He said it said "Sick-  
Atty—sick-atty—sock!"  
And he tried to *see* then,  
But the light was too dim,  
Yet he *heard* it again—  
And 'twas *talking* to him!  
And then it said "Sick-  
Atty—sick-atty—sick!"  
You poor little Dick-  
Atty—Dick-atty—Dick!—  
Have you got the hick-  
Atties? Hi! send for Doc  
To hurry up quick-



Atty—quick-atty—quock,  
And heat a hot brick—  
Atty—brick-atty—brock,  
And rickle-ty wrap it  
And clickle-ty clap it  
Against his cold feet—  
Al-ty—weep-aty—eepaty—  
*There* he goes, slapit—  
Ty—slippaty—sleepaty!”

## THE KATYDIDS

SOMETIMES I keep  
From going to sleep,  
To hear the katydids "cheep-cheep!"  
And think they say  
Their prayers that way;  
But *katydids* don't have to *pray*!

I listen when  
They cheep again;  
And so, I think, they're *singing* then!  
But, no; I'm wrong,—  
The sound's too long  
And all-alike to be a song!

I think, "Well, there!  
I do declare,  
If it is neither song nor prayer,  
It's *talk*—and quite  
Too vain and light  
For me to listen to all night!"

And so, I smile,  
And think,—“Now I’ll  
Not listen for a little while!”—  
Then, sweet and clear,  
Next “*cheep*” I hear  
’S a *kiss*. . . . Good morning,  
Mommy dear!

## THE NOBLE OLD ELM

O BIG Old Tree, so tall an' fine,  
Where all us childern swings an' plays,  
Though neighbors says you're on the line  
Between Pa's house an' Mr. Gray's,—  
Us childern used to almost fuss,  
Old Tree, about you when we'd play.  
We'd argy you belonged to *us*,  
An' them Gray-kids the other way!

Till *Elsie*, one time *she* wuz here  
An' playin' wiv us—Don't you mind,  
Old Mister Tree?—an' purty near  
She scolded us the hardest kind  
Fer quar'llin' 'bout you thataway,  
An' say *she'll* find—ef we'll keep still—  
Whose tree you air *fer shore*, she say,  
An' settle it *fer good*, she will!

So all keep still: An' nen she gone  
An' pat the Old Tree, an' says she,—  
“Whose *air* you, Tree?” an' nen let on  
Like she's a-list'nin' to the Tree,—  
An' nen she say, “It's settled,—'cause  
The Old Tree says he's *all* our tree—  
His *trunk* belongs to bofe your Pas,  
But *shade* belongs to you an' me.”

## EVENSONG

LAY away the story,—  
Though the theme is sweet,  
There's a lack of something yet,  
Leaves it incomplete:—  
There's a nameless yearning—  
Strangely undefined—  
For a story sweeter still  
Than the written kind.

Therefore read no longer—  
I've no heart to hear  
But just something you make up,  
O my mother dear.—  
With your arms around me,  
Hold me, folded-eyed,—  
Only let your voice go on—  
I'll be satisfied.

## AN IMPROMPTU FAIRY-TALE

*When I wuz ist a little bit o' weenty-teenty kid  
I maked up a Fairy-tale, all by myse'f, I did:—*

### I

WUNST upon a time wunst  
They wuz a Fairy King,  
An' ever'thing he have wuz *gold*—  
His clo'es, an' *ever*'thing!  
An' all the other Fairies  
In his goldun Palace-hall  
Had to hump an' hustle—  
'Cause he was bosst of all!

### II

He have a golden trumput,  
An' when he blow' on that,  
It's a sign he want' his boots,  
Er his coat er hat:

They's a sign fer ever'thing,—  
An' all the Fairies knowed  
Ever' sign, an' come a-hoppin'  
When the King blowed!

## III

Wunst he blowed an' telled 'em all:  
"Saddle up yer bees—  
Fireflies is gittin' fat  
An' sassy as you please!—  
Guess we'll go a-huntin'!"  
So they hunt' a little bit,  
Till the King blowed "Supper-time,"  
Nen they all quit.

## IV

Nen they have a Banquet  
In the Palace-hall,  
An' ist et! an' et! an' et!  
Nen they have a *Ball*;  
An' when the *Queen* o' Fairyland  
Come p'omenadin' through,  
The King says an' halts her,—  
"Guess I'll marry you!"

## THE TWINS

“IGO AND AGO”

WE'RE The Twins from Aunt  
Marinn's,  
Igo and Ago.  
When Dad comes, the show begins!—  
Iram, coram, dago.

Dad he says he named us two  
Igo and Ago  
For a poem he always knew,  
Iram, coram, dago.

*Then* he was a braw Scotchman—  
Igo and Ago  
*Now* he's Scotch-Amer-i-can.  
Iram, coram, dago.

“Hey!” he cries, and pats his knee,  
“Igo and Ago,  
My twin bairnies, ride wi' me—  
Iram, coram, dago!”



"Here," he laughs, "ye've each a leg,  
Igo and Ago,  
Gleg as Tam O'Shanter's 'Meg'!  
Iram, coram, dago!"

Then we mount, with shrieks of mirth—  
Igo and Ago,—  
The two gladdest twins on earth!  
Iram, coram, dago.

Wade and Silas-Walker cry,—  
"Igo and Ago—  
Annie's kissin' 'em 'good-by'!"—  
Iram, coram, dago.

Aunty waves us fond farewells.—  
"Igo and Ago,"  
Granny pipes, "tak care yersels!"  
Iram, coram, dago.

## THE LITTLE LADY

O THE Little Lady's dainty  
As the picture in a book,  
And her hands are creamy-whiter  
Than the water-lilies look ;  
Her laugh's the undrown'd music  
Of the maddest meadow-brook.—  
Yet all in vain I praise The Little Lady!

Her eyes are blue and dewy  
As the glimmering Summer-dawn,—  
Her face is like the eglantine  
Before the dew is gone ;  
And were that honied mouth of hers  
A bee's to feast upon,  
He'd be a bee bewildered, Little Lady!

Her brow makes light look sallow ;  
And the sunshine, I declare,  
Is but a yellow jealousy  
Awakened by her hair—  
For O the dazzling glint of it  
Nor sight nor soul can bear,—  
So Love goes groping for The Little Lady.

And yet she's neither Nymph nor Fay,  
Nor yet of Angelkind:—  
She's but a racing schoolgirl, with  
Her hair blown out behind  
And tremblingly unbraided by  
The fingers of the Wind,  
As it wildly swoops upon The Little Lady.

### “COMPANY MANNERS”

WHEN Bess gave her Dollies a tea, said she,—  
“It’s unpolite, when they’s Company,  
To say you’ve dranked *two* cups, you see,—  
But say you’ve dranked *a couple* of tea.”

## THE GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED PEOPLE

WHEN we hear Uncle Sidney tell  
About the long-ago  
An' old, old friends he loved so well  
When *he* was young—My-oh!—  
Us childern all wish *we'd* 'a' bin  
A-livin' then with Uncle,—so  
We could a-kind o' happened in  
On them old friends *he* used to know!—  
The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

They was God's people, Uncle says,  
An' gloried in His name,  
An' worked, without no selfishness,  
An' loved their neighbors same  
As they was kin: An' when they biled  
Their tree-molasses, in the Spring,  
Er butchered in the Fall, they smiled  
An' sheered with all jist ever'thing!—  
The good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

He tells about 'em, lots o' times,  
Till we'd all ruther hear  
About 'em than the Nurs'ry Rhymes  
Er Fairies—mighty near!—  
Only, sometimes, he stops so long  
An' then talks on so low an' slow,  
It's purt' nigh sad as any song  
To listen to him talkin' so  
Of the good, old-fashioned people—  
The hale, hard-working people—  
The kindly country people  
'At Uncle used to know!

## THE BEST TIMES

**W**HEN Old Folks they wuz young like us  
An' little as you an' me,—  
Them wuz the best times ever wuz  
Er ever goin' ter be!

## “HIK-TEE-DIK”

### THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY AND BUDDY

WHEN two little boys—renowned but for  
noise—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—

May hurt a whole school, and the head it employs,

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

Such loud and hilarious pupils indeed

Need learning—and yet something further they  
need,

Though fond hearts that love them may sorrow and  
bleed.

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

O the schoolmarm was cool, and in nowise a fool;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

And in ruling her ranks it was *her* rule to *rule*;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

So when these two pupils conspired, every day,

Some mad piece of mischief, with whoop and  
hoo-ray,

That hurt yet defied her,—how happy were they!—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!



At the ring of the bell they'd rush in with a yell—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

And they'd bang the school-door till the plastering  
fell,

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

They'd clinch as they came, and pretend not to see

As they knocked her desk over—then, *My!* and

*O-me!*

How awfully sorry they'd both seem to be!

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

This trick seemed so neat and so safe a conceit,—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!—

They played it three times—though the third they  
were beat;

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

For the teacher, she righted her desk—raised the lid

And folded and packed away each little kid—

Closed the incident so—yes, and locked it, she did—

Hik-tee-dik! Billy and Buddy!

## “OLD BOB WHITE”

OLD Bob White's a funny bird!—  
Funniest you ever heard!—

Hear him whistle,—“Old—Bob—*White!*”  
You can hear him, clean from where  
He's 'way 'crosst the wheat-field there,  
Whistlin' like he didn't care—

“Old—Bob—*White!*”

Whistles alluz ist the same—

So's we won't fergit his name!—

Hear him say it?—“Old—Bob—*White!*”  
*There!* he's whizzed off down the lane—  
Gone back where his folks is stayin'—  
Hear him?—There he goes again,—

“Old—Bob—*White!*”

## A SESSION WITH UNCLE SIDNEY

[1869]

### I

#### ONE OF HIS ANIMAL STORIES

NOW, Tudens, you sit on *this* knee—and 'scuse  
It having no side-saddle on;—and, Jeems,  
You sit on *this*—and don't you wobble so  
And chug my old shins with your coppertoes;—  
And, all the rest of you, range round someway,—  
Ride on the rockers and hang to the arms  
Of our old-time split-bottom carryall!—  
Do anything but *squabble* for a place,  
Or push or shove or scrouge, or breathe *out loud*,  
Or chew wet, or knead taffy in my beard!—  
Do *anything* almost—act *anyway*,—  
Only *keep still*, so I can hear myself  
Trying to tell you “just one story more!”

One winter afternoon my father, with  
A whistle to our dog, a shout to us—  
His two boys—six and eight years old we were,—  
Started off to the woods, a half a mile

From home, where he was chopping wood. We  
raced,  
We slipped and slid; reaching, at last, the north  
Side of Tharp's corn-field.—There we struck what  
seemed

To be a coon-track—so we all agreed:  
And father, who was not a hunter, to  
Our glad surprise, proposed we follow it.  
The snow was quite five inches deep; and we,  
Keen on the trail, were soon far in the woods.  
Our old dog, "Ring," ran nosing the fresh track  
With whimpering delight, far on ahead.  
After following the trail more than a mile  
To northward, through the thickest winter woods  
We boys had ever seen,—all suddenly  
He seemed to strike *another* trail; and then  
Our joyful attention was drawn to  
Old "Ring"—leaping to this side, then to that,  
Of a big, hollow, old oak tree, which had  
Been blown down by a storm some years before.  
There—all at once—out leapt a lean old fox  
From the black hollow of a big bent limb,—  
Hey! how he scudded!—but with our old "Ring"  
Sharp after him—and father after "Ring"—  
We after father, near as we could hold.  
And father noticed that the fox kept just  
About four feet ahead of "Ring"—just *that*—  
No farther, and no nearer! Then he said:—  
"There are young foxes in that tree back there,  
And the mother-fox is drawing 'Ring' and us  
Away from their nest there!"

“Oh, le’ ’s go back!—  
 Do le’ ’s go back!” we little vandals cried,—  
 “Le’ ’s go back, quick, and find the little things—  
*Please*, father!—Yes, and take ’em home for pets—  
 ’Cause ‘Ring’ he’ll kill the old fox anyway!”

So father turned, at last, and back we went.  
 And then he chopped a hole in the old tree  
 About ten feet along the limb from which  
 The old fox ran: and—Bless their little lives!—  
 There, in the hollow of the old tree-trunk—  
 There, on a bed of warm dry leaves and moss—  
 There, snug as any bug in any rug—  
 We found—one—two—three—four, and, yes-sir,  
     *five*

Wee, weenty-teenty baby-foxes, with  
 Their eyes just barely opened.—*Cute?*—my-oh!—  
*The* cutest—the most cunning little things  
 Two boys ever saw, in all their lives!—  
 “Raw weather for the little fellows *now!*”  
 Said father, as though talking to himself,—  
 “Raw weather, and no home *now!*”—And off came  
 His warm old “waumus”; and in that he wrapped  
 The helpless little fellows then, and held  
 Them soft and warm against him as he could,—  
 And home we happy children followed him.—

*Old “Ring”* did not reach home till nearly dusk:  
 The mother-fox had led him a long chase—  
 “Yes, and a *fool’s* chase, too!” he seemed to say,

And looked ashamed to hear us *praising* him,  
 But, *mother*—well, we *could not* understand  
*Her* acting as she did—and we so *pleased*!  
 I can see yet the look of pained surprise  
 And deep compassion of her troubled face  
 When father very gently laid his coat,  
 With the young foxes in it, on the hearth  
 Beside her, as she brightened up the fire.  
 She urged—for the old fox's sake and theirs—  
 That they be taken back to the old tree;  
 But father—for *our* wistful sakes, no doubt—  
 Said we would keep them, and would try our best  
 To raise them. And at once he set about  
 Building a snug home for the little things  
 Out of an old big bushel-basket, with  
 Its fractured handle and its stoven ribs:  
 So, lining and padding this all cozily,  
 He snuggled in its little tenants, and  
 Called in John Wesley Thomas, our hired man,  
 And gave him in full charge, with much advice  
 Regarding the just care and sustenance of  
*Young* foxes.—“John,” he said, “you feed ’em  
*milk*—  
*Warm* milk, John Wesley! Yes, and *keep* ’em by  
*The stove*—and keep your stove *a-roarin’*, too,  
 Both night and day!—And keep ’em *covered* up—  
 Not *smothered*, John, but snug and comfortable—  
 And now, John Wesley Thomas, first and last,—  
 You feed ’em *milk*—*fresh* milk—and always  
*warm*—

Say five or six or seven times a day—  
 Of course we'll grade that by the way they *thrive*."  
 But, for all sanguine hope, and care, as well,  
 The little fellows *did not* thrive at all.—  
 Indeed, with *all* our care and vigilance,  
 By the third day of their captivity  
 The last survivor of the fated five  
 Squeaked, like some battered little rubber-toy,  
 Jist clean wore out.—And that's jist what 'e wuz!  
 And—nights,—the cry of the mother-fox for her  
     young  
 Was heard, with awe, for long weeks afterward.  
 And we boys, every night, would go to the door  
 And, peering out in the darkness, listening,  
 Could hear the poor fox in the black bleak woods  
 Still calling for her little ones in vain.  
 As, all mutely, we returned to the warm fireside,  
 Mother would say: "How would you like for *me*  
 To be out there, this dark night, in the cold woods,  
 Calling for *my* children?"

## II

## UNCLE BRIGHTENS UP—

**U**NCLE he says 'at 'way down in the sea  
 Ever'thing's ist like it *used* to be:—  
 He says they's mermaids an' mermans, too,  
 An' little merchildern, like me an' you—  
 Little merboys, with tops an' balls,  
 An' little mergirls, with little merdolls.

III

A PET OF UNCLE SIDNEY'S

UNCLE Sidney's vurry proud  
Of little Leslie-Janey,  
'Cause she's so smart an' goes to school  
Clean 'way in Pennsylvany!  
She print' an' sent a postul-card  
To Uncle Sidney, telling  
How glad he'll be to hear that she  
"Toock the onners in Speling."

IV

IN THE KINDERGARTEN OF NOBLE SONG

UNCLE he learns us to rhyme an' write  
An' all be poets an' all recite:  
His little-est poet's his little-est niece,  
An' this is her little-est poetry-piece.

V

SINGS A "WINKY-TOODEN" SONG—

OH HERE'S a little rhyme for the Spring- or  
Summer-time—  
An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!—  
Just a little bit o' tune you can twitter, May or June,  
An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!  
It's a song that soars and sings,  
As the birds that twang their wings  
Or the katydids and things  
Thus and so, don't you know,  
An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!



It's a song just broken loose, with no reason or excuse—

An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!

You can sing along with it—or it matters not a bit—

An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!

It's a lovely little thing

That 'most any one could sing

With a ringle-dingle-ding,

Soft and low, don't you know,

An' a-ho-winky-tooden-an'-a-ho!

## VI

### AND ANOTHER OF OUR BETSY—

US children's all so lonesome,  
We hardly want to *play*

Or skip or swing or anything,—

'Cause Betsy she's away!

She's gone to see her people

At her old home.—But then—

Oh! every child'll jist be wild

When she's back here again!

### CHORUS

*Then it's whoopty-doopty dooden!—*

*Woopty-dooden then!*

*Oh! it's whoopty-doopty dooden,*

*When Betsy's back again!*

She's like a mother to us,  
And like a sister, too—  
Oh! she's as sweet as things to eat  
When all the dinner's through!  
And hey! to hear her laughin'!  
And ho! to hear her sing!—  
To have her back is all we lack  
Of havin' *everything!*

CHORUS

*Then it's whoopty-doopty dooden!—  
Wwhopty-dooden then!  
Oh! it's whoopty-doopty dooden,  
When Betsy's back again!*

Oh! some may sail the northern lakes,  
And some to foreign lands,  
And some may seek old Nameless Creek,  
Or India's golden sands;  
Or some may go to Kokomo,  
And some to Mackinac,—  
But I'll go down to Morgantown  
To fetch our Betsy back.

CHORUS

*Then it's whoopty-doopty dooden!—  
Wwhopty-dooden then!  
Oh! it's whoopty-doopty dooden,  
When Betsy's back again!*

VII

AND MAKES NURSERY RHYMES

I

THE DINERS IN THE KITCHEN

OUR dog Fred  
Et the bread.

Our dog Dash  
Et the hash.

Our dog Pete  
Et the meat.

Our dog Davy  
Et the gravy.

Our dog Toffy  
Et the coffee.

Our dog Jake  
Et the cake.

Our dog Trip  
Et the dip.

And—the worst,  
From the first,—

Our dog *Fido*  
Et the pie-dough.

2

THE IMPERIOUS ANGLER

Miss Medairy Dory-Ann  
Cast her line and caught a man,  
But when he looked so pleased, alack!  
She unhooked and plunked him back.—  
"I never like to catch what I can,"  
Said Miss Medairy Dory-Ann.

3

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

[*Voice from behind high board-fence.*]

"WHERE'S the crowd that dares to go  
Where I dare to lead?—you know!"

"Well, here's *one!*"  
Shouts Ezry Dunn.

"Count me *two!*"  
Yells Cootsy Drew.

"Here's yer *three!*"  
Sings Babe Magee.

"Score me *four!*"  
Roars Leech-hole Moore.

"Tally—*five!*"  
Howls Jamesy Clive.

"I make *six!*"  
Chirps Herbert Dix.

"Punctchul!—*seven!*"  
Pipes Runt Replevin.

"Mark me *eight!*"  
Grunts Mealbag Nate.

"I'm yet *nine!*"  
Growls "Lud'rick" Stein.

"Hi! here's *ten!*"  
Whoops Catfish Ben.

"And now we march, in daring line,  
For the banks of Brandywine!"

4

"IT"

A WEE little worm in a hickory-nut  
Sang, happy as he could be,—  
"O I live in the heart of the whole round world,  
And it all belongs to me!"

5

THE DARING PRINCE

A DARING prince, of the realm Rangg Dhune,  
Once went up in a big balloon  
That caught and stuck on the horns of the moon,  
And he hung up there till next day noon—  
When all at once he exclaimed, "Hoot-toot!"  
And then came down in his parachute.

## A SONG OF SINGING

SING! gangling lad, along the brink  
Of wild brook-ways of shoal and deep,  
Where killdees dip, and cattle drink,  
And glinting little minnows leap!  
Sing! slimpsy lass who trips above  
And sets the foot-log quivering!  
Sing! bittern, bumblebee, and dove—  
Sing! Sing! Sing!

Sing as you will, O singers all  
Who sing because you *want* to sing!  
Sing! peacock on the orchard wall,  
Or tree-toad by the trickling spring!  
Sing! every bird on every bough—  
Sing! every living, loving thing—  
Sing any song, and anyhow,  
But Sing! Sing! Sing!

## THE JAYBIRD

THE Jaybird he's my favorite  
Of all the birds they is!  
I think he's quite a stylish sight  
In that blue suit of his:  
An' when he 'lights an' shuts his wings,  
His coat's a "cutaway"—  
I guess it's only when he sings  
You'd know he wuz a jay.

I like to watch him when he's lit  
In top of any tree,  
'Cause all birds git wite out of it  
When *he* 'lights, an' they see  
How proud he act', an' swell an' spread  
His chest out more an' more,  
An' raise the feathers on his head  
Like it's cut pompadore!



## A BEAR FAMILY

WUNZT, 'way West in Illinoise,  
Wuz two Bears an' their two boys:  
An' the two boys' names, you know,  
Wuz—like *ours* is,—Jim an' Jo;  
An' their *parunts*' names wuz same's  
All big grown-up people's names,—  
Ist *Miz* Bear, the neighbors call  
'Em, an' *Mister* Bear—'at's all.  
Yes—an' *Miz* Bear scold him, too,  
Ist like grown folks *shouldn't* do!  
Wuz a grea'-big river there,  
An', 'crosst that, 's a mountain where  
Old Bear said some day he'd go,  
Ef she don't quit scoldin' so!  
So, one day when he been down  
The river, fishin', 'most to town,  
An' come back 'thout no fish a-tall,  
An' Jim an' Jo they run an' bawl  
An' tell their ma their pa hain't fetch'  
No fish,—she scold again an' ketch  
Her old broom up an' biff him, too.—  
An' he ist cry, an' say, "*Boo-hoo!*  
I *told* you what I'd do some day!"

An' he ist turned an' runned away  
To where's the grea'-big river there,  
An' ist *splunged* in an' swum to where  
The mountain's at, 'way th' other side,  
An' clumbed up there. An' Miz Bear *cried*—  
An' little Jo an' little Jim—  
Ist like their ma—bofe *cried* fer him!—  
But he clumbed on, *clean out o' sight*,  
He wuz so mad!—An' served 'em right!  
Nen—when the Bear got 'way on top  
The mountain, he heerd somepin' flop  
Its wings—an' somepin' else he heerd  
A-rattlin'-like.—An' he wuz *skeered*,  
An' looked 'way up, an'—*Mercy sake!*  
It wuz a' Eagul an' a SNAKE!  
An'-sir! the Snake, he bite an' kill'  
The Eagul, an' they bofe fall till  
They strike the ground—*k'spang-k'spat!*  
Wite where the Bear wuz standin' at!  
An' when here come the Snake at *him*,  
The Bear he think o' little Jim  
An' Jo, he did—an' their ma, too,—  
All safe at home; an' he ist flew  
Back down the mountain—an' could hear  
The old Snake rattlin', sharp an' clear,  
Wite clos't behind!—An' Bear he's so  
All tired out, by time, you know,  
He git down to the river there,  
He know' he can't *swim* back to where  
His folks is at. But ist wite nen

He see a boat an' six big men  
'At's been a-shootin' ducks: An' so  
He skeered them out the boat, you know,  
An' ist jumped in—an' Snake *he* tried  
To jump in, too, but falled outside  
Where all the water wuz; an' so  
The Bear grabs one the things you row  
The boat wiv an' ist whacks the head  
Of the old Snake an' kills him dead!—  
An' when he's killed him dead, w'y, nen  
*The old Snake's drowned dead again!*  
Nen Bear set in the boat an' bowed  
His back an' rowed—an' rowed—an' rowed—  
Till he's safe home—so tired he can't  
Do nothin' but lay there an' pant  
An' tell his childern, "Bresh my coat!"  
An' tell his wife, "Go chain my boat!"  
An' they're so glad he's back, they say  
"They *knowed* he's comin' thataway  
To ist su'prise the dear ones there!"  
An' Jim an' Jo they dried his hair  
An' pulled the burs out; an' their ma  
She ist set there an' helt his paw  
Till he wuz sound asleep, an' nen  
She telled him she won't scold again—  
Never—never—never—  
Ferever an' ferever!

## SOME SONGS AFTER MASTER-SINGERS

### I

#### SONG

[w. s.]

WITH a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho  
rhyme!

O the shepherd lad

He is ne'er so glad

As when he pipes, in the blossom-time,

So rare!

While Kate picks by, yet looks not there.

So rare! so rare!

*With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!*

*The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!*

With a hey! and a hi! and a hey-ho vow!

Then he sips her face

At the sweetest place—

And ho! how white is the hawthorn now!—

So rare!—

And the daisied world rocks round them there.

So rare! so rare!

*With a hey! and a hi! and a ho!*

*The grasses curdle where the daisies blow!*

II

TO THE CHILD JULIA

[R. H.]

LITTLE Julia, since that we  
 May not as our elders be,  
 Let us blithely fill the days  
 Of our youth with pleasant plays.  
 First we'll up at earliest dawn,  
 While as yet the dew is on  
 The sooth'd grasses and the pied  
 Blossomings of morningtide;  
 Next, with rinsèd cheeks that shine  
 As the enamel'd eglantine,  
 We will break our fast on bread  
 With both cream and honey spread;  
 Then, with many a challenge-call,  
 We will romp from house and hall,  
 Gipsying with the birds and bees  
 Of the green-tress'd garden trees.  
 In a bower of leaf and vine  
 Thou shalt be a lady fine  
 Held in duress by the great  
 Giant I shall personate.  
 Next, when many mimics more  
 Like to these we have played o'er,  
 We'll betake us home-along  
 Hand in hand at evensong.

III

THE DOLLY'S MOTHER

[w. w.]

A LITTLE maid, of summers four—  
Did you compute her years,—  
And yet how infinitely more  
To me her age appears:

I mark the sweet child's serious air,  
At her unplayful play,—  
The tiny doll she mothers there  
And lulls to sleep away,

Grows—'neath the grave similitude—  
An infant real, to me,  
And *she* a saint of motherhood  
In hale maturity.

So, pausing in my lonely round,  
And all unseen of her,  
I stand uncovered—her profound  
And abject worshiper.

IV

WIND OF THE SEA

[A. T.]

WIND of the Sea, come fill my sail—  
Lend me the breath of a freshening  
gale

And bear my port-worn ship away!  
For O the greed of the tedious town—  
The shutters up and the shutters down!  
Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away!—away!

Whither you bear me, Wind of the Sea,  
Matters never the least to me:

Give me your fogs, with the sails adrip,  
Or the weltering path thro' the starless  
night—

On, somewhere, is a new daylight  
And the cheery glint of another ship  
As its colors dip and dip!

Wind of the Sea, sweep over the bay  
And bear me away!—away!

V

SUBTLETY

[R. B.]

WHILST little Paul, convalescing, was staying  
Close indoors, and his boisterous classmates  
    paying  
Him visits, with fresh school-notes and  
    surprises,—  
With nettling pride they sprung the word “Athletic,”  
With much advice and urgings sympathetic  
    Anent “athletic exercises.” Wise as  
Lad might look, quoth Paul: “I’ve pondered o’er  
    that  
‘Athletic,’ but I mean to take, before that,  
Downstairic and outdooric exercises.”

VI

BORN TO THE PURPLE

[W. M.]

MOST-LIKE it was this kingly lad  
Spake out of the pure joy he had  
In his child-heart of the wee maid  
Whose eery beauty sudden laid  
A spell upon him, and his words  
Burst as a song of any bird’s:—



A peerless Princess thou shalt be,  
Through wit of love's rare sorcery :  
To crown the crown of thy gold hair  
Thou shalt have rubies, bleeding there  
Their crimson splendor midst the marred  
Pulp of great pearls, and afterward  
Leaking in fainter ruddy stains  
Adown thy neck-and-armlet-chains  
Of turquoise, chrysoprase, and mad  
Light-frenzied diamonds, dartling glad  
Swift spirits of shine that interfuse  
As though with lucent crystal dew  
That glance and glitter like split rays  
Of sunshine, born of burgeoning Mays  
When the first bee tilts down the lip  
Of the first blossom, and the drip  
Of blended dew and honey heaves  
Him blinded midst the underleaves.  
For raiment, Fays shall weave for thee—  
Out of the phosphor of the sea  
And the frayed floss of starlight, spun  
With counterwarp of the firm sun—  
A vesture of such filmy sheen  
As, through all ages, never queen  
Therewith strove truly to make less  
One fair line of her loveliness.  
Thus gowned and crowned with gems and  
gold,  
Thou shalt, through centuries untold,  
Rule, ever young and ever fair,  
As now thou rulest, smiling there.

## CLIMATIC SORCERY

WHEN frost's all on our winder, an' the snow's  
All out-o'-doors, our "Old-Kriss"-milkman  
goes  
A-drivin' round, ist purt' nigh froze to death,  
With his old white mustache froze full o' breath.

But when it's summer an' all warm ag'in,  
He comes a-whistlin' an' a-drivin' in  
Our alley, 'thout no coat on, ner ain't cold,  
Ner his mustache ain't white, ner he ain't old.

## THE TREASURE OF THE WISE MAN

O THE night was dark and the night was late,  
And the robbers came to rob him;  
And they picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
The robbers that came to rob him—  
They picked the locks of his palace-gate,  
Seized his jewels and gems of state,  
His coffers of gold and his priceless plate,—  
The robbers that came to rob him.

But loud laughed he in the morning red!—  
For of what had the robbers robbed him?—  
Ho! hidden safe, as he slept in bed,  
When the robbers came to rob him,—  
They robbed him not of a golden shred  
Of the childish dreams in his wise old head—  
“And they’re welcome to all things else,” he said,  
When the robbers came to rob him.

## OLD GRANNY DUSK

OLD Granny Dusk, when the sun goes down,  
Here *she* comes into thish-yer town!  
Out o' the wet black woods an' swamps  
In she traipses an' trails an' tromps—  
With her old sunbonnet all floppy an' brown,  
An' her cluckety shoes, an' her old black gown,  
Here *she* comes into thish-yer town!

Old Granny Dusk, when the bats begin  
To flap around, comes a-trompin' in!  
An' the katydids they rasp an' whir,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs all blink at *her*;  
An' the old Hop-toad turns in his thumbs,  
An' the bunglin' June-bug booms an' bums,  
An' the Bullfrog croaks, "O here *she* comes!"

Old Granny Dusk, though I'm 'feard o' you,  
Shore-fer-certain I'm sorry, too:  
'Cause you look as lonesome an' starved an' sad  
As a mother 'at's lost ever' child she had.—  
Yet never a child in thish-yer town  
Clings at yer hand er yer old black gown,  
Er kisses the face you're a-bendin' down.

## FIRE AT NIGHT

**F**IRE! Fire! Ring! and ring!  
Hear the old bell bang and ding!  
Fire! Fire! 'way at night,—  
Can't you hear?—I think you might!—  
Can't hear them-air clangin' bells?—  
W'y, *I* can't hear nothin' else!  
Fire! Ain't you 'wake at last!—  
Hear them horses poundin' past—  
Hear that ladder-wagon grind  
Round the corner!—and, behind,  
Hear the hose-cart, turnin' short,  
And the horses slip and snort,  
As the engine's clank-and-jar  
Jolts the whole street, near and far.  
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!  
Can't you h'ist that winder higher?  
La! they've all got past like "scat!" . . .  
Night's as black as my old hat—  
And it's rainin', too, at that! . . .  
Wonder where their old fire's at!

## THE YOUNG OLD MAN

VOLUNTARY BY ARTLESS "LITTLE BROTHER"

MAMMA is a widow : There's only us three—  
Our pretty Mamma, little sister, and me :  
And we've come to live in this new neighborhood  
Where all seems so quiet, old-fashioned and good.

Mamma sits and sews at the window, and I—  
I'm out at the gate when an old man goes by—  
Such a *lovely* old man,—though I can't tell you  
why,

Unless it's his greeting,—“Good morning !  
Good morning ! good morning !” the old man will  
say,—

“Fine bracing weather we're having to-day !—  
And how's little brother—  
And sister—and mother ?—  
So dear to each other !—  
Good morning !”

The old man goes by, in his glossy high-hat,  
And stripe-trousers creased, and all turned-up, at  
that,

And his glancing nose-glasses—and pleasantest eyes,  
As he smiles on me, always in newer surprise :

And though his mustache is as white as the snow,

He wears it waxed out and all pointed, you know,  
And gloves, and high collar and bright, jaunty  
bow,

And stylish umbrella.—“Good morning!  
Good morning! good morning!” the old man will  
say,—

“Fine falling weather we’re promised to-day!—  
And how’s little brother—  
And sister—and mother?—  
So fond of each other!—  
Good morning!”

. . . . .  
It’s Christmas!—it’s Christmas! and oh, but we’re  
gay!

The postman’s been here, and Ma says, “Run and  
play:—

You must leave your Mamma to herself for a  
while!”

And so sweet is her voice, and so tender her  
smile!—

And she looks *so* pretty and happy and—Well!—  
She’s just too delicious for language to tell!—

So Sis hugs her *more*—and *I* answer the bell,—

And there in the doorway—“Good morning!—  
Good morning! good morning! good morning, I  
say!—

Fine Christmas weather we’re having to-day!—

And how’s little brother—

Dear sister—er, ruther—

Why, here *is* your *mother* . . .

Good morning!”

## SOME CHRISTMAS YOUNGSTERS

### I

#### THE STRENGTH OF THE WEAK

*L*AST Chris'mus, little Benny  
Wuzn't sick so bad,—  
Now he's had the worst spell  
Ever yet he had.  
Ever' Chris'mus-morning, though,  
He'll p'tend as if  
He's asleep—an' first you know  
He's got your "Chris'mus-gif' "!

Pa he's good to *all* of us  
*All* the time; but when,  
Ever' time it's *Chris'mus*,  
He's as good-again!—  
'Sides our toys an' candy,  
Ever' Chris'mus he  
Gives us all a quarter,  
Certain as can be!



Pa, this morning, tiptoe' in  
 To make the fire, you know,  
 Long 'fore it's daylight,  
 An' all's ice an' snow!—  
 'An' Benny holler, "*Chris'mus-gif'!*"  
 An' Pa jump an' say,  
 "You'll only git a *dollar* if  
 You skeer me thataway!"

## II

## THE LITTLE QUESTIONER

BABE she's so always  
 Wantin' more to hear  
 All about Santy Claus,  
 An' says: "Mommy dear,  
 Where's Santy's *home* at  
 When he ain't *away*?—  
 An' is they *Mizzuz* Santy Claus  
 An' *little* folks—say?—  
 Chris'mus, Santy's always *here*—  
 Don't *they* want him, too?  
 When it *ain't* Chris'mus  
 What does he do?"

III

PARENTAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

PARUNTS don't git *toys* an' things,  
Like you'd think they *ruther*.—  
Mighty funny Chris'mus-gif's  
Parunts gives each other!—  
Pa give Ma a barrel o' flour,  
An' Ma she give to Pa  
The nicest dinin'-table  
She know he ever saw!

## TWILIGHT STORIES

*NEITHER daylight, starlight, moonlight,  
But a sad-sweet term of some light  
By the saintly name of Twilight.*

The Grandma Twilight Stories!—Still,  
A childish listener, I hear  
The katydid and whippoorwill,  
In deepening atmosphere  
Of velvet dusk, blent with the low  
Soft music of the voice that sings  
And tells me tales of long ago  
And old enchanted things. . . .

*While far fails the last dim daylight,  
And the fireflies in the Twilight  
Drift about like flakes of starlight.*

“GO READ YOUR BOOK!”

HOW many times that grim old phrase  
Has silenced me, in childish days!—  
And *now*—as then it did—  
The phantom admonition, clear  
And dominant, rings,—and I hear,  
And do as I am bid.

“Go read your book!” my good old sire  
Commanded, in affected ire,  
When I, with querying look  
And speech, dared vex his studious mind  
With idle words of any kind.—  
And so I read my book.

Though seldom, in that *wisest* age,  
Did I discern on Wisdom’s page  
More than the *task*: That led  
At least to *thinking*, and at last  
To reading less, and not so fast,  
And longing as I read.

And, lo! in gracious time, I grew  
To love a book all through and through!—  
With yearning eyes I look

On any volume,—old, maybe,  
Or new—'tis meat and drink to me.—  
And so I read my book.

Old dog's-eared Readers, scarred and inked  
With schoolboy hatred, long extinct;—  
Old Histories that bored  
Me worst of all the school;—old, worn  
Arithmetics, frayed, ripped, and torn—  
Now Ye are all adored.

And likewise I revere and praise  
My sire, as now, with vainest gaze  
And hearing, still I look  
For the old face so grave yet dear—  
Nay, still I *see*, and still I *hear*!  
And so I read my book.

Next even to my nearest kin,—  
My wife—my children romping in  
From school to ride my knee,—  
I love a book, and dispossess  
My lap of it with loathfulness,  
For all their love of me.

For, grave or gay the book, it takes  
Me as an equal—calms, or makes  
Me, laughing, overlook  
My little self—forgetful all  
Of being so exceeding small.  
And so I read my book.

## WHEN UNCLE DOC WAS YOUNG

THOUGH Doctor Glen—the best of  
men—

Is wrinkled, old, and gray,  
He'll always smile and stop a while  
Where little children play:  
And often then he tells us, when  
*He* was a youngster, too,  
He was as glad and bad a lad  
As old folks ever knew!

As he walks down, no boy in town  
But sees him half a block,  
And stops to shout a welcome out  
With "Here comes Uncle Doc!"  
Then all the rest, they look their best  
As he lines up among  
Us boys of ten—each thinking then  
When Uncle Doc was young.

We *run* to him!—Though grave and grim,  
With voice pitched high and thin,  
He still reveals the joy he feels  
In all that *he* has been:

With heart too true, and honest, too,  
To ever *hide* a truth,  
He frankly owns, in laughing tones,  
He was "a sorry youth!"—

When he was young, he says, he sung  
And howled his level-best;  
He says he guyed, and sneaked, and lied,  
And wrecked the robin's nest.—  
All this, and worse, will he rehearse,  
Then smooth his snowy locks  
And look the saint he says he ain't. . . .  
Them eyes of Uncle Doc's!

He says, when he—like you and me—  
Was just too low and mean  
To slap asleep, he used to weep  
To find his face was clean:  
His hair, he said, was just too red  
To tell with mortal tongue—  
"The Burning Shame" was his nickname  
• When Uncle Doc was young.

## THE LISPER

ELSIE MINGUS *lisps*, she does!  
She lives wite acrosst from us  
In Miz. Ayers'uz house 'at she  
Rents part to the Mingusuz.—  
Yes, an' Elsie plays wiv me.

Elsie lisps so, she can't say  
Her own name, ist *anyway*!—  
She say "*Elthy*"—like they wuz  
Feathers on her words, an' they  
Ist stick on her tongue like fuzz.

*My!* she's *purty*, though!—An' when  
She *lisps*, w'y, she's *purty nen!*  
When she telled me, wunst, her doll  
Wuz so "thweet," an' I p'ten'  
*I* lisp too,—she laugh'—'at's all!—

*She* don't never git mad none—  
'Cause she know I'm ist in fun.—  
Elsie she ain't one bit sp'iled.—  
Of all childerns—ever' one—  
She's the *ladylikest* child!—



My Ma *say* she is! One time  
Elsie start to say the rhyme  
    “Thing a thong o’ thixpenth”—*Whee!*  
I ist *yell!* An’ Ma say I’m  
    Unpolite as I can be!

Wunst I went wiv Ma to call  
On Elsie’s Ma, an’ eat an’ all;  
    An’ nen Elsie, when we’ve et,  
An’ we’re playin’ in the hall,  
    Elsie say: It’s etikett

Fer young gentlemens, like me,  
Eatin’ when they’s *company*,  
    Not to never ever crowd  
Down their food, ner “thip their tea  
    Ner thup thoop so awful loud!”

## A MOTTO

THE *Brightest* Star's the *modestest*,  
And more'n likely writes  
His motto like the lightnin'-bug's—  
*Accordin' To His Lights.*

## A SIMPLE RECIPE

TO be a wholly worthy man,  
As you, my boy, would like to be,—  
This is to show you how you can—  
This simple recipe:—

Be honest—both in word and act,  
Be strictly truthful through and through:  
Fact can not fail.—You stick to fact,  
And fact will stick to you.

Be clean—outside and in, and sweep  
Both hearth and heart and hold them bright;  
Wear snowy linen—aye, and keep  
Your *conscience* snowy-white.

Do right, your utmost—good *must* come  
To you who do your level-best—  
Your very hopes will help you some,  
And work will do the rest.

## HER LONESOMENESS

WHEN little Elizabeth whispers  
Her morning-love to me,  
Each word of the little lisper's,  
As she clambers on my knee—  
Hugs me and whispers, "Mommy,  
Oh, I'm so glad it's day  
And the night's all gone away!"  
How it does thrill and awe me,—  
"The night's all gone away!"

"Sometimes I wake, all listenin',"  
She sighs, "and all's so still!—  
The moon and the stars half-glistenin'  
Over the window-sill:—  
And I look where the gas's pale light  
Is all turned down in the hall—  
And you ain't here at all!—  
And oh, how I wish it was daylight!  
—And you ain't here at all!"

"And oh," she goes eerily whining  
And laughing, too, as she speaks,  
"If only the sun kept shining  
For weeks and weeks and weeks!—"

For the world's so dark, without you,  
And the moon's turned down so low—  
'Way in the night, you know,—  
And I get so lonesome about you!—  
'Way in the night, you know!"

## ALMOST BEYOND ENDURANCE

I AIN'T a-goin' to cry no more, no more!  
I'm got ear-ache, an' Ma can't make  
    It quit a-tall;  
    An' Carlo bite my rubber-ball  
    An' puncture it; an' Sis she take  
An' poke' my knife down through the stable-floor  
    An' loozed it—blame it all!  
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

An' Aunt Mame *wrote* she's comin', an' she *can't*—  
    Folks is come *there!*—An' I don't care  
    She *is* my Aunt!  
    An' my eyes stings; an' I'm  
    Ist coughin' all the time,  
An' hurts me so; an' where my side's so sore  
    Grampa felt where, an' he  
    Says "Mayby it's *pleurasy!*"  
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

An' I clumbed up an' nen falled off the fence,  
    An' Herbert he ist laugh at me!  
    An' my fi'-cents  
It sticked in my tin bank, an' I ist tore  
    Purt' nigh my thumbnail off, a-tryin' to git  
    It out—nen *smash* it!—An' it's in there yit!  
But I ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!

*Oo!* I'm so wickud!—An' my breath's so *hot*—

Ist like I run an' don't res' none

But ist run on when I ought to not;

Yes, an' my chin

An' lips's all warpy, an' teeth's so fast,

An' 's a place in my throat I can't swaller past—

An' they all hurt so!—

An' oh, my-oh!

I'm a-startin' ag'in—

I'm a-startin' ag'in, but I *won't*, fer shore!—

*I ist ain't goin' to cry no more, no more!*



*"I 'ist ain't a-goin' to cry no more, no more!"*





## THE TOY-BALLOON

THEY wuz a Big Day wunst in town,  
An' little Jason's Pa  
Buyed him a little toy-balloon,  
The first he ever saw.—  
An' oh! but Jase wuz *more'n* proud,  
A-holdin' to the string  
An' scrougin' through the grea'-big crowd,  
To hear the Glee Club sing.

The Glee Club it wuz goin' to sing  
In old Masonic Hall;  
An' Speakin', it wuz in there, too,  
An' soldiers, folks an' all:  
An' Jason's Pa he git a seat  
An' set down purty soon,  
A-holdin' little Jase, an' him  
A-holdin' his balloon.

An' while the Speakin' 's startin' up  
An' ever'body still—  
The first you know wuz little Jase  
A-yellin' fit to kill!—

Nen Jason's Pa jump on his seat  
An' grab up in the air,—  
But little Jason's toy-balloon  
Wuz clean away from there!

An' Jase he yelled; an' Jase's Pa,  
Still lookin' up, clumb down—  
While that-air little toy-balloon  
Went bumpin' roun' an' roun'  
Ag'inst the ceilin', 'way up there  
Where ever'body saw,  
An' *they* all yelled, an' *Jason* yelled,  
An' little Jason's Pa!

But when his Pa he packed him out  
A-screamin'—nen the crowd  
Looked down an' hushed—till they looked up  
An' howled ag'in out loud;  
An' nen the speaker, mad an' pale,  
Jist turned an' left the stand,  
An' all j'ined in the Glee Club—"Hail,  
Columby, Happy Land!"

## THE OLD DAYS

THE old days—the far days—  
The overdear and fair!—  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!  
The old days of Morning,  
With the dew-drench on the flowers  
And apple-buds and blossoms  
Of those old days of ours.

Then was the *real* gold  
Spendthrift Summer flung;  
Then was the *real* song  
Bird or Poet sung!  
There was never censure then,—  
Only honest praise—  
And all things were worthy of it  
In the old days.

There bide the true friends—  
The first and the best;  
There clings the green grass  
Close where they rest:  
Would they were here? No;—  
Would we were there! . . .  
The old days—the lost days—  
How lovely they were!

## TO A POET ON HIS MARRIAGE

MADISON CAWEIN

EVER and ever, on and on,  
From winter dusk, to April dawn,  
This old enchanted world we range  
From night to light—from change to change—  
Or path of burs or lily-bells,  
We walk a world of miracles.

The morning evermore must be  
A newer, purer mystery—  
The dewy grasses, or the bloom  
Of orchards, or the wood's perfume  
Of wild sweet-williams, or the wet  
Blent scent of loam and violet.

How wondrous all the ways we fare—  
What marvels wait us, unaware! . . .  
But yesterday, with eyes ablur  
And heart that held no hope of Her,  
You paced the lone path, but the true  
That led to where she waited you.

## LOCKERBIE FAIR

O THE Lockerbie Fair!—Have you heard of  
its fame  
And its fabulous riches, too rare for a name!—  
The gold of the noon of the June-time refined  
To the Orient-Night, till the eyes and the mind  
Are dazed with the sights, in the earth and the air,  
Of the opulent splendors of Lockerbie Fair.

What more fortunate fate might to mortal befall,  
Midst the midsummer beauty and bloom of it all,  
Than to glit with the moon o'er the rapturous scene  
And twink with the stars as they laughingly lean  
O'er the luminous revel and glamour and glare  
Fused in one dazzling glory at Lockerbie Fair.

The Night, like a queen in her purple and lace,  
With her diamonded brow, and imperious grace,  
As she leads her fair votaries, train upon train,  
A-dance thro' the feasts of this mystic domain  
To the mandolin's twang, and the warble and blare  
Of voice, flute and bugle at Lockerbie Fair.

All strange, ever-changing, enchanted delights  
Found now in this newer Arabian Nights,—  
Where each lovely maid is a Princess, and each  
Lucky swain an Aladdin—all treasures in reach  
Of the “*lamps*” and the “*rings*”—and with *Genii* to  
    spare,  
Simply waiting your orders, at Lockerbie Fair.

## THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

I'M The Old Man of the Sea—I am!—  
And this is my secret pride,  
That I have a hundred shapes, all sham,  
And a hundred names beside:  
They have named me "Habit," and "Way," forsooth,  
"Capricious," and "Fancy-free";—  
But to you, O Youth, I confess the truth,—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!  
So lift up a song with me,  
As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

Crowned with the crown of your noblest thought,  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea:  
I reign, rule, ruin, and palter not  
In my pitiless tyranny:  
You, my lad, are my gay Sindbad,  
Frisking about, with me  
High on the perch I have always had—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.



*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!*  
*So lift up a song with me,*  
*As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,*  
*I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

Tricked in the guise of your best intent,  
I am your failures—all—  
I am the victories you invent,  
And your high resolves that fall:  
I am the vow you are breaking now  
As the wassail-bowl swings free  
And the red guilt flushes your cheek and brow—  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!*  
*So lift up a song with me,*  
*As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,*  
*I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

I am your false dreams of success  
And your mythical future fame—  
Your lifelong lies, and your soul's distress  
And your slowly-dying shame:  
I'm the chattering half of your latest laugh,  
And your tongue's last perfidy—  
Your doom, your tomb, and your epitaph . . .  
I'm The Old Man of the Sea.

*I'm The Old Man of the Sea, yo-ho!*  
*So lift up a song with me,*  
*'As I sit on the throne of your shoulders, alone,*  
*I'm The Old Man of the Sea.*

## PROSE OR VERSE?

PROSE or Verse—or Verse or Prose?  
Ever thus the query goes,—  
Which delight do we prefer—  
Which the finer—daintier?

Each incites a zest that grows—  
Prose or Verse—or Verse or Prose?—  
Each a lotus-eater's spell  
Wholly irresistible.

All that wit may fashion, free-  
Voiced, or piped in melody,—  
Prose or Verse—or Verse or Prose—  
Which of these the mastery knows?

'Twere as wise to question, friend—  
As of this alluring blend,—  
The aroma or the rose?—  
Prose or Verse—or Verse or Prose?

## BILLY MILLER'S CIRCUS-SHOW

AT Billy Miller's Circus-Show—  
In their old stable where it's at—  
The boys pays twenty pins to go,  
An' gits their money's-worth at that!—  
'Cause Billy he can climb and chalk  
His stockin'-feet an' purt' nigh walk  
A tight-rope—yes, an' *ef* he fall  
He'll ketch, an' "skin a cat"—'at's all!

He ain't afeard to swing and hang  
Ist by his legs!—an' mayby stop  
An' yell "Look out!" an' nen—k-spang!—  
He'll let loose, upside-down, an' drop  
Wite on his hands! An' nen he'll do  
"Contortion-acts"—ist limber through  
As "Injarubber Mens" 'at goes  
With shore-fer-certain circus-shows!

At Billy Miller's Circus-Show  
He's got a circus-ring—an' they's  
A dressin'-room,—so's he can go  
An' dress an' paint up when he plays

He's somepin' else ;—'cause sometimes he's  
"Ringmaster"—bossin' like he please—  
An' sometimes "Ephalunt"—er "Bare-  
Back Rider," prancin' out o' there!

An' sometimes—an' the best of all!—

He's "The Old Clown," an' got on clo'es  
All stripud,—an' white hat, all tall

An' peakud—like in shore-'nuff shows,—  
An' got three-cornered red-marks, too,  
On his white cheeks—ist like they do!—  
An' you'd ist die, the way he sings  
An' dances an' says funny things!

## IT'S GOT TO BE

“WHEN it's *got* to be,”—like I always say,  
As I notice the years whiz past,  
And know each day is a yesterday,  
When we size it up, at last,—  
Same as I said when my boyhood went  
And I knowed *we* had to quit,—  
“It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!”—  
So I said “Good-by” to *it*.

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
So at least I always try  
To kind o' say in a hearty way,—  
“Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!”

The time just melts like a late, last snow,—  
When it's *got* to be, it melts!  
But I aim to keep a cheerful mind,  
Ef I can't keep nothin' else!  
I knowed, when I come to twenty-one,  
That I'd soon be twenty-two,—  
So I waved one hand at the soft young man,  
And I said, “Good-by to *you*!”

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
So at least I always try  
To kind o' say, in a cheerful way,—  
"Well, it's *got* to be.—Good-by!"

They kep' a-goin', the years and years,  
Yet still I smiled and smiled,—  
For I'd said "Good-by" to my single life,  
And now had a wife and child:  
Mother and son and the father—one,—  
Till, last, on her bed of pain,  
She jes' smiled up, like she always done,—  
And I said "Good-by" again.

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
So at least I always try  
To kind o' say, in a humble way,—  
"Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!"

And then my boy—as he growed to be  
Almost a man in size,—  
Was more than a pride and joy to me,  
With his mother's smilin' eyes.—  
He gimme the slip, when the War broke out,  
And followed me. And I  
Never knowed till the first fight's end . . .  
I found him, and then, . . . "Good-by."

It's *got* to be, and it's *goin'* to be!  
So at least I always try  
To kind o' say, in a patient way,  
"Well, it's *got* to be. Good-by!"

I have said, "Good-by!—Good-by!—Good-by!"  
With my very best good will,  
All through life from the first,—and I  
Am a cheerful old man still:  
But it's *got* to end, and it's *goin'* to end!  
And this is the thing I'll do,—  
With my last breath I will laugh, O Death,  
And say "Good-by" to *you!* . . .

It's *got* to be! And again I say,—  
When his old scythe circles high,  
I'll laugh—of course, in the kindest way,—  
As I say "Good-by!—Good-by!"

## CHRISTMAS SEASON

TO A FRIEND VISITING ENGLAND

THIS is a Christmas carol—  
A late one, it is true,—  
But (dight in Truth's apparel)  
The best that we can do:—  
The best our Muse belated  
Thus offers, antedated,—  
E'en as the old waits waited  
We, waiting, sing for you.

So, haply, you may listen,  
As 'twere, with Fancy's ear,  
And shape such songs of this-un  
As were worth worlds to hear,—  
Such anthemings ecstatic  
As scaled The Mermaid's attic  
In midnight's aromatic  
Of choicest Christmas cheer:

Such songs as Marlowe lifted,  
With throstle-throated Will  
And rare Ben, as they shifted  
Their laughing voices till



The mirth, with music blended,  
So oversweet ascended,  
It well were never ended—  
And, hark!—you hear it still! . . .

You hear it; aye, and love it!—  
Beyond all voices dear—  
Your master's!—none above it.—  
So harken, and so hear!—  
Your master's English.—Surely  
No other rests so purely  
On Fame, or more securely,—  
O English of Shakespeare!

## ART AND POETRY

TO HOMER C. DAVENPORT

WESS he says, and sort o' grins,  
"Art and Poetry is twins!

"Yit, if I'd my pick, I'd shake  
Poetry, and no mistake!

"Pictures, allus 'peared to *me*,  
Clean laid over Poetry!

"Let me *draw*, and then, i jings,  
I'll not keer a straw who sings.

"'F I could draw as you have drew,  
Like to jes' swap pens with you!

"Picture-drawin' 's my pet vision  
Of Life-work in Lands Elysian.

"Pictures is first language we  
Find hacked out in History.

"Most delight we ever took  
Was in our first Picture-book.

"'Thout the funny picture-makers,  
They'd be lots more undertakers!

"Still, as I say, Rhymes and Art  
'Smighty hard to tell apart.

"Songs and pictures go together  
Same as birds and summer weather."

So Wess says, and sort o' grins,  
"Art and Poetry is twins."

## THE CHILDREN OF THE CHILDLESS

THE Children of the Childless!—Yours—and  
mine.—

Yea, though we sit here in the pitying gaze  
Of fathers and mothers whose fond fingers twine  
Their children's locks of living gold, and praise  
With warm, caressing palms, the head of brown,  
Or crown  
Of opulent auburn, with its amber floss  
In all its splendor loosed and jostled down  
Across  
The mother-lap at prayer.—Yea, even when  
These sweet petitioners are kissed, and then  
Are kissed and kissed again—  
The pursed mouths lifted with the worldlier prayer  
That bed and oblivion spare  
Them yet a little while  
Beside their envied elders by the glow  
Of the glad firelight; or wresting, as they go,  
Some promise for the morrow, to beguile  
Their long exile  
Within the wild waste lands of dream and sleep.  
Nay, nay, not even these most stably real  
Of children are more loved than our ideal—

More tangible to the soul's touch and sight  
Than *these*—our children by Divine birthright. . . .  
These—these of ours, who soothe us, when we  
    weep,  
With tenderest ministries,  
Or, flashing into smiling ecstasies,  
Come dashing through our tears—ay, laughing leap  
Into our empty arms, in Fate's despite,  
And nestle to our hearts. O Heaven's delight!—  
The children of the childless—even *these*!

## HOOSIER SPRING-POETRY

WHEN ever'thing's a-goin' like she's got-  
a-goin' now,—  
The maple-sap a-drippin', and the buds on ever'  
bough  
A-sort o' reachin' up'ards all a-trimblin', ever' one,  
Like 'bout a million Brownie-fists a-shakin' at the  
sun!  
The childern wants their shoes off 'fore their break-  
fast, and the Spring  
Is here so good-and-plenty that the old hen has to  
sing!—  
When things is goin' *thisaway*, w'y, that's the sign,  
you know,  
That ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!  
  
Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!  
Old Winter's up and dusted, with his dratted frost  
and snow—  
The ice is out the crick ag'in, the freeze is out the  
ground,  
And you'll see faces thawin' too ef you'll jes' look  
around!—

The bluebird's landin' home ag'in, and glad to git  
the chance,

'Cause here's where he belongs at, that's a settled  
circumstance!

And him and mister robin now's a-chunin' fer the  
show.

Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

The sun ain't jes' p'tendin' *now!*—The ba'm is in  
the breeze—

The trees'll soon be green as grass, and grass as  
green as trees;

The buds is all jes' *eechin'*, and the dogwood down  
the run

Is bound to bu'st out laughin' 'fore another week is  
done;

The bees is wakin', gap'y-like, and fumblin' fer their  
buzz,

A-thinkin' ever-wakefuler, of other days that wuz,—  
When all the land wuz orchard-blooms and clover,  
don't you know. . . .

Oh, ever'thing's a-goin' like we like to see her go!

## THE VOICE OF PEACE

INDEPENDENCE BELL: INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER  
17, 1904

THOUGH now forever still  
Your voice of jubilee—  
We hear—we hear, and ever will,  
The Bell of Liberty!  
Clear as the voice to them  
In that far night ago  
Pealed from the heavens o'er Bethlehem,  
The voice of Peace peals on!

Stir all your memories up,  
O Independence Bell,  
And pour from your inverted cup  
The song we love so well!  
As you rang in the dawn  
Of Freedom—toll'd the knell  
Of Tyranny,—ring on—ring on—  
O Independence Bell!

Ring numb the wounds of wrong  
Unhealed in brain and breast;  
With music like a slumber-song  
Lull tearful eyes to rest.—  
Ring! Independence Bell!  
Ring on till worlds to be  
Shall listen to the tale you tell  
Of Love and Liberty!



## A DEFECTIVE SANTA CLAUS

*Little Boy! Halloo!—halloo!  
Can't you hear me calling you?—  
Little Boy that used to be,  
Come in here and play with me.*

ALLUS when our Pa he's away  
Nen Uncle Sidney comes to stay  
At our house here—so Ma an' me  
An' Etty an' Lee-Bob won't be  
Afeard ef anything at night  
Might happen—like Ma says it might.  
(Ef *Trip* wuz *big*, I bet you he  
'Uz best watch-dog you ever see!)  
An' so last winter—ist before  
It's go' be Chris'mus-Day,—w'y, shore  
Enough, Pa had to haf to go  
To 'tend a lawsuit—"An' the snow  
Ist right fer Santy Claus!" Pa said,  
As he clumb in old Ayersuz sled,  
An' said he's sorry *he* can't be  
With us that night—"Cause," he-says-ee,  
"Old Santy *might* be comin' here—  
This very night of all the year  
I' got to be away!—so all

You kids must tell him—ef he call—  
He's mighty welcome, an' yer Pa  
He left his love with you an' Ma  
An' Uncle Sid!" An' clucked, an' leant  
Back, laughin'—an' away they went!  
An' Uncle wave' his hands an' yells  
"Yer old horse ort to have on bells!"  
But Pa yell back an' laugh an' say  
"I 'spect when *Santy* come this way  
It's time enough fer sleighbells nen!"  
An' holler back "Good-by!" again,  
An' reach out with the driver's whip  
An' cut behind an' drive back Trip.

An' so all day it snowed an' snowed!  
An' Lee-Bob he ist watched the road,  
In his high-chair; an' Etty she  
'Ud play with Uncle Sid an' me—  
Like she wuz he'ppin' fetch in wood  
An' keepin' old fire goin' good,  
Where Ma she wuz a-cookin' there  
In kitchen, too, an' ever'where!  
An' Uncle say, "At's ist the way  
Yer Ma's b'en workin', night an' day,  
Sence she hain't big as Etty is  
Er Lee-Bob in that chair o' his!"  
Nen Ma she'd laugh 't what Uncle said,  
An' smack an' smooove his old bald head  
An' say "Clear out the way till I  
Can keep that pot from b'ilin' dry!"  
Nen Uncle, when she's gone back to

The kitchen, says, "We *ust* to do  
Some cookin' in the *ashes*.—Say,  
S'posin' we try some, thataway!"  
An' nen he send us to tell Ma  
Send two big 'taters in he saw  
Pa's b'en a-keepin' 'cause they got  
The premiun at the Fair! An' what  
You think?—He rake a grea'-big hole  
In the hot ashes, an' he roll  
Them old big 'taters in the place  
An' rake the coals back—an' his face  
Ist swettin' so's he purt' nigh swear  
'Cause it's so hot! An' when they're there  
'Bout time 'at we fergit 'em, he  
Ist rake 'em out again—an' *gee!*—  
He bu'st 'em with his fist wite on  
A' old stove-led, while Etty's gone  
To git the salt, an' butter, too—  
Ist like he said she haf to do,  
No matter what *Ma* say! An' so  
He salt an' butter 'em, an' blow  
'Em cool enough fer us to eat—  
An' *me-o-my!* they're hard to beat!  
An' Trip 'ud ist lay there an' pant  
Like he'd laugh *out loud*, but he can't.  
Nen Uncle fill his pipe—an' we  
'Ud he'p him light it—Sis an' me,—  
But mostly little Lee-Bob, 'cause  
"He's the best *Lighter* ever wuz!"  
Like Uncle telled him wunst when Lee-  
Bob cried an' jerked the light from me,

He wuz so mad! So Uncle pat  
An' pet him (Lee-Bob's ust to that—  
'Cause he's the *little*-est, you know,  
An' allus has b'en humored so!)  
Nen Uncle gits the flat-arn out,  
An', while he's tellin' us all 'bout  
Old Chris'mus-times when *he's* a kid,  
He ist cracked hickernuts, he did,  
Till they's a crockful, mighty nigh!  
An' when they're all done by an' by,  
He raked the red coals out again  
An' telled me, "Fetch that popcorn in,  
An' old three-leggud skillut—an'  
The *led* an' all now, little man,—  
An' yer old Uncle here 'ull show  
You how corn's popped, long years ago  
When me an' Santy Claus wuz boys  
On Pap's old place in Illinoise!—  
An' your Pa, too, wuz chums, all through,  
With Santy!—Wisht Pa'd be here, too!"  
Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she  
Pat him again, an' say to me  
An' Etty,—“You take warning fair!—  
Don't talk too much, like Uncle there,  
Ner don't fergit, like *him*, my dears,  
That 'little pitchers has big ears!’”  
But Uncle say to her, “Clear out!—  
Yer brother knows what he's about.—  
*You* git your Chris'mus-cookin' done  
Er these pore childern won't have none!”  
Nen Trip wake' up an' raise', an' nen

Turn roun' an' nen lay down again.  
An' one time Uncle Sidney say,—  
“When dogs is sleepin’ thataway,  
Like Trip, an’ *whim’pers*, it’s a sign  
He’ll ketch *eight* rabbits—mayby *nine*—  
Afore his fleas’ll wake him—nen  
He’ll bite hisse’f to sleep again  
An’ *try* to dream he’s go’ ketch *ten*.”  
An’ when Ma’s gone again back in  
The kitchen, Uncle scratch his chin  
An’ say, “When Santy Claus an’ Pa  
An’ me wuz little boys—an’ Ma,  
When she’s ’bout big as Etty there;—  
W’y,—‘When we’re *growed*—no matter *where*,  
Santy he cross’ his heart an’ say,—  
‘I’ll come to see you, all, some day  
When *you*’ got childerns—all but me  
An’ pore old Sid!’” Nen Uncle he  
Ist kind o’ shade his eyes an’ pour’  
’Bout forty-’leven bushels more  
O’ popcorn out the skillut there  
In Ma’s new basket on the chair.  
An’ nen he telled us—an’ talk’ low,  
“So Ma can’t hear,” he say:—“You know  
Yer *Pa* know’, when he drived away,  
To-morry’s go’ be Chris’mus-*Day*;—  
Well, nen *to-night*,” he whisper, “see?—  
It’s go’ be Chris’mus-*Eve*,” says-ee,  
“An’, like yer *Pa* hint, when he went,  
Old Santy Claus (now hush!) he’s sent  
Yer *Pa* a postul-card, an’ write

He's shorely go' be here to-night. . . .  
That's why yer Pa's so bored to be  
Away to-night, when Santy he  
Is go' be here, sleighbells an' all,  
To make you kids a Chris'mus-call!"  
An' we're so glad to know *fer shore*  
He's comin', I roll on the floor—  
An' here come Trip a-waller'n' roun'  
An' purt' nigh knock the clo'eshorse down!—  
An' Etty grab Lee-Bob an' prance  
All roun' the room like it's a dance—  
Till Ma she come an' march us nen  
To dinner, where we're *still* again,  
But *tickled* so we ist can't eat  
But pie, an' ist the hot mincemeat  
With raisins in.—But *Uncle* et,  
An' *Ma*. An' there they set an' set  
Till purt' nigh supper-time; nen we  
Tell him he's got to fix the Tree  
'Fore *Santy* gits here, like he said.  
We go nen to the old woodshed—  
All bundled up, through the deep snow—  
"An' snowin' yet, *jee-rooshy-O!*"  
Uncle he said, an' he'p us wade  
Back where's the Chris'mus-Tree he's made  
Out of a little jackoak-top  
He git down at the sawmill-shop—  
An' Trip 'ud run ahead, you know,  
An' 'tend-like he 'uz *eatin'* snow—  
When we all waddle back with it;  
An' Uncle set it up—an' git

It wite in front the fireplace—'cause  
He says "'Tain't *so* 'at Santy Claus  
Comes down *all* chimblies,—least, to-night  
He's comin' in *this* house all right—  
By the front-door, as ort to be!—  
We'll all be hid where we can *see*!"  
Nen he look up, an' he see Ma  
An' say, "It's ist too bad their *Pa*  
Can't be here, so's to see the fun  
The childern *will* have, ever' one!"

Well, *we*!—We hardly couldn't wait  
Till it wuz dusk, an' dark an' late  
Enough to light the lamp!—An' Lee-  
Bob light a candle on the Tree—  
"Ist *one*—'cause I'm 'The Lighter'!"—Nen  
He clumb on Uncle's knee again  
'An' hug us *bofe*;—an' Etty git  
Her little chist an' set on it  
Wite clos't, while Uncle telled some more  
'Bout Santy Claus, an' clo'es he wore  
"*All maked o' furs, an' trimmed as white  
As cotton is, er snow at night!*"  
An' nen, all sudden-like, he say,—  
"*Hush! Listen there! Hain't that a sleigh  
An' sleighbells jinglin'?*" Trip go "*whooh!*"  
Like *he* hear bells and *smell* 'em, too.  
Nen we all listen. . . . An'-sir, shore  
Enough, we hear bells—more an' more  
A-jinglin' clos'ter—clos'ter still  
Down the old crook-road roun' the hill.

An' Uncle he jumps up, an' all  
The chairs he jerks back by the wall  
An' th'ows a' overcoat an' pair  
O' winder-curtains over there  
An' says, "*Hide quick, er you're too late!—  
Them bells is stoppin' at the gate!—  
Git back o' them-'air chairs an' hide,  
'Cause I hear Santy's voice outside!*"  
An' *Bang! bang! bang!* we heerd the door—  
Nen it flewed open, an' the floor  
Blowed full o' snow—that's *first* we saw,  
Till little Lee-Bob shriek' at Ma  
"*There's Santy Claus!—I know him by  
His big white mufftash!*"—an' ist cry  
An' laugh an' *squeal* an' dance an' yell—  
Till, when he quiet down a spell,  
Old Santy bow an' th'ow a kiss  
To him—an' one to me an' Sis—  
An' nen go *clos't* to Ma an' stoop  
An' kiss her—An' nen give a whoop  
That *fainted* her!—'Cause when he bent  
An' kiss her, he ist backed an' went  
Wite 'g'inst the Chris'mus-Tree ist where  
The candle's at Lee-Bob lit there!—  
An' set his white-fur belt afire—  
An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an' higher  
Wite up his old white beard an' th'oat!—  
Nen Uncle grabs th' old overcoat  
An' flops it over Santy's head,  
An' swing the door wide back an' said,  
"Come out, old man!—an' *quick* about



It!—I've ist *got* to put you out!"  
 An' out he sprawled him in the snow—  
 "Now *roll!*" he says—"Hi-roll-ee-O!"—  
 An' Santy, sputter'n' "*Ouch! Gee-whiz!*"  
 Ist roll an' roll fer all they is!  
 An' Trip he's out there, too,—I know,  
 'Cause I could hear him yappin' so—  
 An' I heerd Santy, wunst er twic't,  
 Say, as he's rollin', "*Drat the fice't!*"  
 Nen Uncle come back in, an' shake  
 Ma up, an' say, "Fer mercy-sake!—  
 He hain't hurt none!" An' nen he said,—  
 "You youngsters h'ist up-stairs to bed!—  
 Here! kiss yer Ma 'Good night,' an' me,—  
 We'll he'p old Santy fix the Tree—  
 An' all yer whistles, horns an' drums  
 I'll he'p you toot when morning comes!"

. . . . .  
 It's long while 'fore we go to sleep,—  
 'Cause down-stairs, all-time somepin' keep  
 A-kind o' scufflin' roun' the floors—  
 An' openin' doors, an' *shettin'* doors—  
 An' could hear Trip a-whinin', too,  
 Like he don't know ist *what* to do—  
 An' tongs a-clankin' down *k'thump!*—  
 Nen some one squonkin' the old pump—  
 An' *Wooh!* how cold it soun' out there!—  
 I could ist *see* the pump-spout where  
 It's got ice chin-whiskers all wet  
 An' drippy—An' I see it yet!  
 An' nen, seem-like, I hear some mens

A-talkin' out there by the fence,  
An' one says, "Oh, 'bout twelve o'clock!"  
"Nen," 'nother'n' says, "Here's to you, Doc!—  
*God bless us ever one!*" An' nen  
I heerd the old pump squonk again.  
An' nen I say my prayer all through  
Like Uncle Sidney learn' me to,—  
"O Father mine, e'en as Thine own,  
This child looks up to Thee alone:  
Asleep or waking, give him still  
His Elder Brother's wish and will."  
An' that's the last I know . . . Till Ma  
She's callin' us—an' so is Pa,—  
He holler "*Chris'mus-gif'!*" an' say,—  
"I'm got back home fer Chris'mus-Day!—  
An' Uncle Sid's here, too—an' he  
Is nibblin' 'roun' yer Chris'mus-Tree!"  
Nen *Uncle* holler, "I suppose  
Yer Pa's so proud he's froze his nose  
He wants to turn it up at us,  
'Cause *Santy* kick' up such a fuss—  
Tetchin' hisse'f off same as ef  
He wuz his own fireworks hisse'f!"

An' when we're down-stairs,—shore enough,  
Pa's nose *is* froze, an' salve an' stuff  
All on it—an' one hand's froze, too,  
An' got a old yarn red-and-blue  
Mitt on it—"An' he's froze some more  
Acrost his chist, an' kind o' sore  
All roun' his *dy-fram*," Uncle say.—

“But Pa he’d ort a-seen the way  
*Santy* bear up last night when that-  
Air fire break out, an’ quicker’n *scat*  
He’s all a-blazin’, an’ them-’air  
Gun-cotton whiskers that he wear  
Ist *flashin’!*—till I burn a hole  
In the snow with him, an’ he roll  
The front-yard dry as Chris’mus jokes  
Old parents plays on little folks!  
But, long’s a smell o’ tow er wool,  
I kep’ him rollin’ *beautiful!*—  
Till I wuz *shore* I *shorely* see  
He’s *squenched!* W’y, hadn’t b’en fer *me*,  
That old man might a-burnt clear down  
Clean—plum’—level with the groun’!”  
Nen Ma say, “*There*, Sid; that’ll do!—  
Breakfast is ready—*Chris’mus*, too.—  
Your voice ’ud soun’ best, sayin’ *Grace*—  
Say it.” An’ Uncle bow’ his face  
An’ say so long a *Blessing* nen,  
Trip bark’ *two* times ’fore it’s “A-men!”

## WHAT LITTLE SAUL GOT, CHRISTMAS

US parents mostly thinks our own's  
The smartest childern out!  
But Widder Shelton's little Saul  
Beats all I know about!  
He's weakly-like—in p'int o' health,  
But strong in word and deed  
And heart and head, and snap and spunk,  
And allus in the lead!

Comes honest by it, fer his Pa—  
Afore he passed away—  
He was a leader—(Lord, I'd like  
To hear him preach to-day!)  
He led his flock; he led in prayer  
Fer spread o' Peace—and when  
Nothin' but War could spread it, he  
Was first to lead us then!

So little Saul has grit to take  
Things jes' as they occur;  
And Sister Shelton's proud o' him  
As he is proud o' her!

'And when she "got up"—jes' fer him  
And little playmates all—  
A Chris'mus-tree—they ever'one  
Was there but little Saul.

Pore little chap was sick in bed  
Next room; and Doc was there,  
And said the childern might file past,  
But go right back to where  
The *tree* was, in the settin'-room.  
And Saul jes' laid and smiled—  
Ner couldn't nod, ner wave his hand,  
It hurt so—Bless the child!

And so they left him there with Doc—  
And warm tear of his Ma's . . .  
Then—suddent-like—high over all  
Their laughture and applause—  
They heerd: "I don't care what you git  
On yer old Chris'mus-tree,  
'Cause I'm got somepin' you all hain't—  
I'm got the pleurisy!"



"Saul jes' laid and smiled"



## GENERAL LEW WALLACE

FEBRUARY 15, 1905

NAY, Death, thou mightiest of all  
Dread conquerors—thou dreadest chief,—  
Thy heavy hand can here but fall  
Light as the Autumn leaf:  
As vainly, too, its weight is laid  
Upon the warrior's knightly sword;—  
Still through the charge and cannonade  
It flashes for the Lord.

In forum—as in battle-field—  
His voice rang for the truth—the right—  
Keyed with the shibboleth that pealed  
His Soul forth to the fight:  
The inspiration of his pen  
Glowed as a star, and lit anew  
The faces and the hearts of men  
Watching, the long night through.

A destiny ordained—divine  
It seemed to hosts of those who saw  
His rise since youth and marked the line  
Of his ascent with awe:—



From the now-storied little town  
That gave him birth and worth, behold,  
Unto this day of his renown,  
His sword and word of gold.

Serving the Land he loved so well—  
Hailed midsea or in foreign port,  
Or in strange-bannered citadel  
Or Oriental Court,—  
He—honored for his Nation's sake,  
And loved and honored for his own—  
Hath seen his Flag in glory shake  
Above the Pagan Throne.

ON READING DR. HENRY VAN DYKE'S  
VOLUME OF POEMS—MUSIC

MUSIC!—Yea, and the airs you play—  
Out of the faintest Far-Away  
And the sweetest, too; and the dearest Here,  
With its quavering voice but its bravest cheer—  
The prayer that aches to be all expressed—  
The kiss of love at its tenderest:  
Music—music, with glad heart-throbs  
Within it; and music with tears and sobs  
Shaking it, as the startled soul  
Is shaken at shriek of the fife and roll  
Of the drums;—then as suddenly lulled again  
With the whisper and lisp of the summer rain:  
Mist of melodies fragrance-fine—  
The bird-song flicked from the eglantine  
With the dews when the springing bramble  
throws  
A rarer drench on its ripest rose,  
And the wingèd song soars up and sinks  
To the dove's dim coo by the river-brinks  
Where the ripple's voice still laughs along  
Its glittering path of light and song.  
Music, O Poet, and all your own  
By right of capture and that alone,—

For in it we hear the harmony  
Born of the earth and the air and the sea,  
And over and under it, and all through,  
We catch the chime of The Anthem, too.

HER SMILE OF CHEER AND VOICE OF  
SONG

ANNA HARRIS RANDALL

SPRING fails, in all its bravery of brilliant gold  
and green,—

The sun, the grass, the leafing tree, and all the  
dazzling scene

Of dewy morning—orchard blooms,  
And woodland blossoms and perfumes  
With bird-songs sown between.

Yea, since *she* smiles not any more, so every flowery  
thing

Fades, and the birds seem brooding o'er her silence  
as they sing—

Her smile of cheer and voice of song  
Seemed so divinely to belong  
To ever-joyous Spring!

Nay, still she smiles.—Our eyes are blurred and see  
not through our tears:

And still her rapturous voice is heard, though not of  
mortal ears:—

Now ever doth she smile and sing  
Where Heaven's unending Clime of Spring  
Reclaims those gifts of hers.

## THINKIN' BACK

I'VE be'n thinkin' back, of late,  
S'prisin'!—And I'm here to state  
I'm suspicious it's a sign  
Of age, maybe, er decline  
Of my faculties,—and yit  
I'm not feelin' old a bit—  
Any more than sixty-four  
Ain't no young man any more!

Thinkin' back's a thing 'at grows  
On a feller, I suppose—  
Older 'at he gits, i jack,  
More he keeps a-thinkin' back!  
Old as old men git to be,  
Er as middle-aged as me,  
Folks'll find us, eye and mind  
Fixed on what we've left behind—  
Rehabilitatin'-like  
Them old times we used to hike  
Out barefooted fer the crick,  
'Long 'bout Aprile first—to pick  
Out some “warmest” place to go  
In a-swimmin'—*Ooh! my-oh!*



“Thinkin’ back’s a thing ’at grows”



Wonder now we hadn't died!  
Grate horseradish on my hide  
Jes' *a-thinkin'* how cold then  
That-'ere worter must 'a' be'n!

Thinkin' back—W'y, goodness me!  
I kin call their names and see  
Every little tad I played  
With, er fought, er was afraid  
Of, and so made *him* the best  
Friend I had of all the rest!  
Thinkin' back, I even hear  
Them a-callin', high and clear,  
Up the crick-banks, where they seem  
Still hid in there—like a dream—  
And me still a-pantin' on  
The green pathway they have gone!  
Still they hide, by bend er ford—  
Still they hide—but, thank the Lord  
(Thinkin' back, as I have said),  
I hear laughin' on ahead!



## SIS RAPALYE

WHEN rainy-greener shoots the grass  
And blooms the cherry tree,  
And children laugh by glittering brooks,  
Wild with the ecstasy  
Of bursting Spring, with twittering bird  
And hum of honey-bee,—  
“Sis Rapalye!” my spirit shouts . . .  
And she is here with me!

As laugh the children, so her laugh  
Haunts all the atmosphere;—  
Her song is in the brook’s refrain;  
Her glad eyes, flashing clear,  
Are in the morning dews; her speech  
Is melody so dear,  
The bluebird trills,—“Sis Rapalye!—  
I hear!—I hear!—I hear!”

Again in races, at “Recess,”  
I see her braided hair  
Toss past me as I stay to lift  
Her straw hat, fallen there;  
The school-bell sends a vibrant pang  
My heart can hardly bear.—  
Yet still she leads—Sis Rapalye—  
And leads me everywhere!

Now I am old.—Yet she remains  
The selfsame child of ten.—  
Gay, gallant little girl, to race  
On into Heaven then!  
Yet gallant, gay Sis Rapalye—  
In blossom-time, and when  
The trees and grasses beckon her—  
Comes back to us again.

And so, however long since youth  
Whose raptures wild and free  
An old man's heart may claim no more,—  
With more than memory  
I share the Spring's own joy that brings  
My boyhood back to me  
With laughter, blossoms, singing birds  
And sweet Sis Rapalye.

TO BLISS CARMAN

HE is the morning's poet—  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning's troubadour :

The brother of the bluebird,  
'Mid blossoms, throng on throng,  
Whose singing calls, o'er orchard walls,  
Seem glitterings of song.

He meets, with brow uncovered,  
The sunrise through the mist,  
With raptured eyes that range the skies  
And seas of amethyst :

The brambled rose clings to him ;  
The breezy wood receives  
Him as the guest she loves the best  
And laughs through all her leaves :

Pan and his nymphs and dryads  
They hear, in breathless pause,  
This earth-born wight lilt his delight,  
And envy him because . . . .

He is the morning's poet—  
The bard of mount and moor,  
The minstrel fine of dewy shine,  
The dawning's troubadour.

## A SONG O' CHEER

MY Grampa he's a-allus sayin',  
"Sing a song o' cheer!"—  
And wunst I says "What kind *is* them?"  
He says,—“The kind to *hear*.—  
'Cause they're the songs that *Nature* sings,  
In ever' bird that twitters!"  
“Well, *whipperwills* and *doves*,” says I,  
“Hain't over-cheery critters!”  
“Then don't you sing like *them*,” he says—  
“Ner *guinny-hens*, my dear—  
Ner *peafowls* nuther (drat the boy!)  
*You sing a song o' cheer!*”  
I can't sing nothin' anyhow;  
But, comin' home, to'rds night,  
I kind o' sort o' kep' a-whistlin'  
“Old—Bob—White!”

## CHILD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHRIST used to be like you and me,  
When just a lad in Galilee,—  
So when we pray, on Christmas Day,  
He favors first the prayers we say:  
Then waste no tear, but pray with cheer,  
This gladdest day of all the year:

O Brother mine of birth Divine,  
Upon this natal day of Thine  
Bear with our stress of happiness  
Nor count our reverence the less  
Because with glee and jubilee  
Our hearts go singing up to Thee.

## I' GOT TO FACE MOTHER TO-DAY!

I' GOT to face Mother to-day, fer a fact!—  
I' got to face Mother to-day!  
And jes' how I'll *dare* to, an' how she will act,  
Is more than a mortal can say!  
But I' *got* to face her— I' *got* to! And so  
Here's a' old father clean at the end of his row!

And Pink and Wade's gone to the farm fer her  
now—  
And I'm keepin' house fer 'em here—  
Their purty, new house—and all paid fer!—But  
how  
Am I goin' to meet her, and clear  
Uy *my* actchully he'ppin' 'em both to elope?—  
( 'Cause Mother wuz set—and wuz no other hope!)

I don' think it's *Wade* she's so biased ag'in',  
But his *bizness*,—a railroadin' man  
'At runs a switch-engine, day out and day in,  
And's got to make hay while he can,—  
It's a *dangerous* job, I'll admit,—but see what  
A fine-furnished home 'at he's already got!

'And *Pink*—W'y, the girl wuz just pinin' away,—  
    So what could her old father do,  
When he found her, hid-like, in a loose load of hay,  
    But jes' to drive on clean into  
The aidge of the city, where—singular thing!—  
Wade switched us away to the Squire, i jing!

Now—a-leavin' me here—they're driv off, with a  
    cheer,  
    On their weddin'-trip—which is to drive  
Straight home and tell Mother, and tol her back  
    here  
    And surrender me, dead er alive!  
So I'm waitin' here—not so blame' overly gay  
As I *wuz*,—'cause I' got to face *Mother* to-day!



## NAME US NO NAMES NO MORE

SING, oh, rarest of roundelays!—  
Sing the hilarity and delight  
Of our childhood's gurgling, giggling days!  
When our eyes were as twinkling-keen and bright  
And our laughs as thick as the stars at night,  
And our breasts volcanoes of pent hoo-rays!  
When we grouped together in secret mirth  
And sniggered at everything on earth—  
But specially when strange visitors came  
And we learned, for instance, that their name  
was Fishback—or Mothershead—or Philpott—  
or Dalrymple—or Fullenwider—or Applewhite—  
or Hunnicut—or Tubbs—or Oldshoe!  
“*‘Oldshoe!’—jeminy-jee!’*” *thinks we—*  
“*Hain’t that a funny name!—tee-hee-hee!’*”

Barefoot racers from everywhere,  
We’d pelt in over the back-porch floor  
For “the settin’-room,” and cluster there  
Like a clot of bees round an apple-core,  
And sleeve our noses, and pinafore  
Our smearcase-mouths, and slick our hair,  
And stare and listen, and try to look

Like "Agnes" does in the old school-book,—  
 Till at last we'd catch the visitor's name,—  
 Reddinhouse, Lippscomb, or Burlingame,—  
 or Winkler—or Smock—or Tutewiler—or  
 Daubenspeck—or Throckmorton—or Rubottom  
 —or Bixler—

"*Bixler!* jeminy-jee!" *thinks we—*

"*Hain't that a funny name!—tee-hee-hee!*"

Peace!—Let be!—Fall away!—Fetch loose!—

We can't have fun as we had fun *then!*—

Shut up, Memory!—what's the use?—

When the girls and boys of 8 and 10

Are now—well, *matronly*, or *old men*,

And Time has (so to say) "cooked our goose"!

But ah! if we only *could* have back

The long-lost laughs that we now so lack

And so vainly long for,—how—we—*could*

Naturely wake up the neigh-ber-hood,

over the still heterogenious names ever unroll-  
 ing from the endless roster of orthographic  
 actualities,—such names—for further instance  
 of good faith—simply such names as Vander-  
 lip—or Funkhouser—or Smoot—or Galbreath  
 —or Frybarger—or Dinwiddie—or Bouslog—  
 or Puterbaugh—or Longnecker—or Hartpence  
 —or Wiggins—or Pangborn—or Bowersox—

"*Bowersox!*" *Gee!*—But alas! now we

Taste salt tears in our "*tee-hee-hee!*"

HENRY IRVING

OCTOBER 13, 1905

'TIS Art reclaims him! By those gifts of hers  
With which so nobly she endowed his mind,  
He brought back Shakespeare, in quick grief and  
glee—

Tasting the world's salt tears and sweet applause,—  
For, even as through his master's, so there ran  
Through all his multitudinous characters  
Kinship and love and honor of mankind.  
So all mankind shall grace his memory  
In musing proudly: Great as his genius was,  
Great likewise was the man.

## LINCOLN—THE BOY

O SIMPLE as the rhymes that tell  
The simplest tales of youth,  
Or simple as a miracle  
Beside the simplest truth—  
So simple seems the view we share  
With our Immortals, sheer  
From Glory looking down to where  
They were as children here.

Or thus we know, nor doubt it not,  
The boy he must have been  
Whose budding heart bloomed with the thought  
All men are kith and kin—  
With love-light in his eyes and shade  
Of prescient tears:—Because  
Only of such a boy were made  
The loving man he was.

## NICHOLAS OBERTING

*A hero of ancient mold is Nicholas Oberting, of Hardentown, Indiana, who, a few days ago, in saving three boys from being gored to death by his infuriated bull, performed a feat of daring comparable only with the valorous deeds of Roman gladiators. . . .*

—INDIANAPOLIS STAR.

SING! O Voice of Valor, sing!—  
Sing of Nicholas Oberting!  
Giant of the strength of ten,  
Yet the gentlest of all men.

He it was that loved the air,  
And the green fields everywhere—  
Loved the meadow slopes and rills,  
And the cattle on the hills—  
Loved all out-o'-doors, and took  
Off his hat, with reverent look,  
As the balmy winds of Spring  
Waved the peach-bough, blossoming  
At the orchard edge, where he  
Paused to mark the minstrelsy  
Of the daring first redbreast,  
Whose lilt, at its loveliest,

Was not lovelier to hear  
Than the laughter, ringing near,  
Of child-voices—Truants,—three  
Little stragglers, he could see,  
Crossing the near pasture-land  
Loiteringly, hand in hand,  
Laughing as they came. . . . Until—  
Sudden ran a sickening chill  
Through the strong man's heart! . . . He heard  
Scarce his own voice, afterward,  
For the maddened, bellowing roar  
Of the monster beast that bore  
Down upon the lads. . . . Out rang  
His quick warning.—Then he sprang  
Forth to meet them, crying, "*Run!—  
Straight for me!—Come on!—Well done!*"—  
Praised them—cheered them.—"*Good! Hooray!  
Now, Red-top, you throw away  
That cap! but don't*"—And breathless hung  
The sentence;—for a root had flung  
The youngster—stunned—prone on the ground . . .  
Then—midst a trampling, thund'rous sound,  
The bellowing beast, with his big bent head,  
And great horns, white as his eyes were red!—  
Charged for the lad, as he helpless lay . . .  
There was a leap then; and—they say  
(For but one boy had swooned away)—  
There was the *leap* and the *laugh* of a *Man* . . .  
And the bravest war of the world began:  
Pinned by the horns in the Hercules grip  
Of his master—the slaver's jaws adrip,

The foaming, steaming, sweltering, hot-  
Mouthed monster raged and charged and fought,—  
But ever the great strong hands were set  
At their horny leverage, bloody-wet;  
And ever steadier pressed the hold,  
And ever the wild eyes wilder rolled  
As the thick neck turned, and the great hulk grew  
Like an o'er-fed engine, shuddering through—  
Yet the thick neck turned—and turned—and  
turned—  
Till the raw tongue shot from the throat and burned  
The live air foul; and the beast lurched dead  
Crunchingly.

. . . And the youngster said  
That the big man just lay there and cried—  
He was so sorry and satisfied!

## RABBIT

I S'POSE it takes a feller 'at's be'n  
Raised in a country-town, like me,  
To *'preciate* rabbits! . . . Eight er ten  
Bellerin' boys and two er three  
Yelpin' dawgs all on the trail  
O' one little pop-eyed cottontail!

'Bout the first good fall o' snow—  
So's you kin track 'em, don't you know,  
Where they've run,—and one by one  
Hop 'em up and chase 'em down  
And prod 'em out of a' old bresh-pile  
Er a holler log they're a-hidin' roun',  
Er, way en-nunder the ricked cord-wood  
Er crosstie-stack by the railroad track  
'Bout a mile  
Out o' sight o' the whole ding town! . . .  
Well! them's times 'at I call good!

Rabbits!—w'y, as my thoughts goes back  
To them old boyhood days o' mine,  
I kin sic him now and see "Old Jack"  
A-plowin' snow in a rabbit-track



And a-pitchin' over him, head and heels,  
Like a blame' hat-rack,  
As the rabbit turns fer the timber-line  
Down the County Ditch through the old corn-  
fields. . . .

Yes, and I'll say right here to you, .  
Rabbits that boys has *earnt*, like that—  
Skinned and hung fer a night or two  
On the old back-porch where the pump's done  
froze—  
Then fried 'bout right, where your brekfust's at,  
With hot brown gravy and shortenin' bread,—  
Rabbits, like *them*—er I ort to 'a' said,  
I s'pose,  
Rabbits like *those*  
Ain't so p'ticular pore, I guess,  
Fer *eatin'* purposes!

## A SPRING SONG AND A LATER

SHE sang a song of May for me,  
Wherein once more I heard  
The mirth of my glad infancy—  
The orchard's earliest bird—  
The joyous breeze among the trees  
New-clad in leaf and bloom,  
And there the happy honey-bees  
In dewy gleam and gloom.

So purely, sweetly on the sense  
Of heart and spirit fell  
Her song of Spring, its influence—  
Still irresistible,—  
Commands me here—with eyes ablur—  
To mate her bright refrain,  
Though I but shed a rhyme for her  
As dim as Autumn rain.

## OURS

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, DECEMBER 8, 1906

READ AT A BANQUET IN HONOR OF HENRY WATTERSON  
UPON HIS DEPARTURE FOR SPAIN

HERE where of old was heard  
The ringing, singing word  
That orator and bard  
Alike set free  
To soar, through heights profound,  
Our land's remotest bound,  
Till all is holy ground  
From sea to sea—

Here still, with voice and pen,  
ONE cheers the hopes of men  
And gives us faith again—  
This gifted one  
We hold here as the guest  
Most honored—loved the best—  
Wisest and worthiest—  
Our Watterson.

His spirit is the Seer's—  
For, though he sees and hears  
Through human doubts and fears,  
His heart is one  
With Earth's and the Divine—  
With his home-hearts—and mine—  
And the child's heart is thine,  
Our Watterson!

Give us to touch and praise  
His worth in subtlest ways,  
Lest even our fondest gaze  
He fain would shun—  
Laugh, though a mist appears—  
The glad wine salt with tears—  
Laugh, as we drain it—"Here's  
Our Watterson!"

## OLD INDIANY

INTENDED FOR A DINNER OF THE INDIANA  
SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

OLD Indiany, 'course we know  
Is first, and best, and *most*, also,  
Of *all* the States' whole forty-four:—  
She's first in ever'thing, that's shore!—  
And *best* in ever'way as yet  
Made known to man; and you kin bet  
She's *most*, because she won't confess  
She ever was, or will be, *less*!  
And yet, fer all her proud array  
Of sons, how many gits away!—  
No doubt about her bein' *great*  
But, fellers, she's a leaky State!  
And them that boasts the most about  
Her, them's the ones that's dribbled out.  
Law! jes' to think of all you boys  
'Way over here in Illinoise  
A-celebratin', like ye air,  
Old Indiany, 'way back there  
In the dark ages, so to speak,  
A-prayin' for ye once a week  
And wonderin' what's a-keepin' you  
From comin', like you ort to do.  
You're all a-lookin' well, and like

You wasn't "sidin' up the pike,"  
As the tramp-shoemaker said  
When "he sacked the boss and shed  
The blame town, to hunt fer one  
Where they didn't work fer fun!"  
Lookin' *extry* well, I'd say,  
Your old home so fur away.—  
Maybe, though, like the old jour.,  
Fun hain't all yer workin' fer.  
So you've found a job that pays  
Better than in them old days  
You was on The Weekly Press,  
Heppin' run things, more er less;  
Er a-learnin' telegraph-  
Operatin', with a half-  
Notion of the tinner's trade,  
Er the dusty man's that laid  
Out designs on marble and  
Hacked out little lambs by hand,  
And chewed finecut as he wrought,  
"Shapin' from his bitter thought"  
Some squshed mutterings to say,—  
"Yes, hard work, and porer pay!"  
Er you'd kind o' thought the far-  
Gazin' kuss that owned a car  
And took pictures in it, had  
Jes' the snap you wanted—bad!  
And you even wondered why  
He kep' foolin' with his sky-  
Light the same on shiny days  
As when rainin'. ('T leaked always.)

Wondered what strange things was hid  
In there when he shet the door  
And smelt like a burnt drug store  
Next some orchard-trees, i swan!  
With whole roasted apples on!  
That's why Ade is, here of late,  
Buyin' in the dear old state,—  
So's to cut it up in plots  
Of both town and country lots.

## LONGFELLOW

1807—FEBRUARY 27—1907

O GENTLEST kinsman of Humanity!  
Thy love hath touched all hearts, even as thy  
Song

Hath touched all chords of music that belong  
To the quavering heaven-strung harp of harmony:  
Thou hast made man to feel and hear and see

Divinely ;—made the weak to be the strong ;

By thy melodious magic, changed the wrong  
To changeless right—and joyed and wept as we.  
Worlds listen, lulled and solaced at the spell

That folds and holds us—soul and body, too,—

As though thy songs, as loving arms in stress  
Of sympathy and trust ineffable,

Were thrown about us thus by one who knew  
Of common human need of kindness.



## WITH A CHILD-BOOK

TO MASTER PRESTON FROM HIS LONG INVISIBLE  
PLAYMATE

THERE is LORE of more devices,  
And ROMANCE that more entices  
Higher minds and higher prices ;—  
But, for “Giggle-boy” or “Cry-sis”  
(With some sniffless interstices)  
Here’s a little tale suffices—  
Sweet as oranges in slices  
Slobbered in slues o’ cream and ices,  
Tanged with tingling, spangling spices.—  
Ho ! there’s *no* tale half so nice as  
This Old Tailor and his Mice is !

## THE DOCTOR

*He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear;  
And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: "Thou ailest here, and here!"*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

WE may idealize the chief of men—  
Idealize the humblest citizen,—  
Idealize the ruler in his chair—  
The poor man, or the poorer millionaire;  
Idealize the soldier—sailor—or  
The simple man of peace—at war with war;—  
The hero of the sword or fife-and-drum. . . .  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

The Doctor is, by principle, we know,  
Opposed to sentiment. He veils all show  
Of feeling, and is proudest when he hides  
The sympathy which natively abides  
Within the stoic precincts of a soul  
Which owns strict duty as its first control,  
And so must guard the ill, lest worse may  
come. . . .

Why not idealize the Doctor some?

He is the master of emotions—he  
Is likewise certain of that mastery,—  
Or dare he face contagion in its ire,  
Or scathing fever in its leaping fire?  
He needs must smile upon the ghastly face  
That yearns up toward him in that warded  
place  
Where even the Saint-like Sisters' lips grow  
dumb.  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

He wisely hides his heart from you and me—  
He hath grown tearless, of necessity,—  
He knows the sight is clearer, being blind;  
He knows the cruel knife is very kind;  
Ofttimes he must be pitiless, for thought  
Of the remembered wife or child he sought  
To save through kindness that was overcome.  
Why not idealize the Doctor some?

Bear with him, trustful, in his darkest doubt  
Of how the mystery of death comes out;  
He knows—he knows,—ay, better yet than we,  
That out of Time must dawn Eternity;  
He knows his own compassion—what *he* would  
Give in relief of all ills, if he could.—  
We wait alike one Master: He will come.  
Do we idealize the Doctor some?

## ABE MARTIN

ABE MARTIN!—dad-burn his old picture!  
P'tends he's a Brown County fixture—  
A kind of a comical mixture  
Of hoss-sense and no sense at all!  
His mouth, like his pipe, 's allus goin',  
And his thoughts, like his whiskers, is flowin',  
And what he don't know ain't wuth knowin'—  
From Genesis clean to baseball!

The artist, Kin Hubbard, 's so keerless  
He draws Abe 'most eyeless and earless,  
But he's never yet pictured him cheerless  
Er with fun 'at he tries to conceal,—  
Whuther on to the fence er clean over  
A-rootin' up ragweed er clover,  
Skeert stiff at some "Rambler" er "Rover"  
Er newfangled *automobeel!*

It's a purty steep climate old Brown's in;  
And the rains there his ducks nearly drowns in  
The old man hisse'f wades his rounds in  
As ca'm and serene, mighty nigh

As the old handsaw-hawg, er the mottled  
Milch cow, er the old rooster wattled  
Like the mumps had him 'most so well throttled  
That it was a pleasure to die.

But best of 'em all's the fool-breaks 'at  
Abe don't see at all, and yit makes 'at  
Both me and you lays back and shakes at  
His comic, miraculous cracks  
Which makes him—clean back of the power  
Of genius itse'f in its flower—  
This Notable Man of the Hour,  
Abe Martin, The Joker on Facts.

## MORNING

BREATH of Morning--breath of May—  
With your zest of yesterday  
And crisp, balmy freshness, smite  
Our old hearts with Youth's delight.

Tilt the cap of Boyhood—yea,  
Where no "forelock" waves, to-day,—  
Back, in breezy, cool excess,  
Stroke it with the old caress.

Let us see as we have seen—  
Where all paths are dewy-green,  
And all human-kind are kin—  
Let us be as we have been!

## THE LOVELINESS

AH, what a long and loitering way  
And ever-lovely way, in truth,  
We travel on from day to day  
Out of the realms of youth!

How eagerly we onward press  
The lovely path that lures us still  
With ever-changing loveliness  
Of grassy vale and hill:

Of groves of May and morning-lands  
Dew-diamonded and gemmed with bloom;  
With amber streams and golden sands  
And aisles of gleam and gloom;

Where lovely little Fairy-folk,  
In careless ambush, pipe and call  
From tousled ferns 'neath elm and oak  
By shoal and waterfall:

Transparent even as the stream,  
The gnarlèd prison-tree reveals  
Its lovely Dryad in a dream  
That scarce itself conceals;

The sudden redbird trips the sight  
And tricks the ear—or doubtless we  
With happy palms had clapped the Sprite  
In new captivity.

On—on, through all the gathering years,  
Still gleams the loveliness, though seen  
Through dusks of loss and mists of tears  
That vainly intervene.

Time stints us not of lovely things—  
Old Age hath still a treasure-store,—  
The loveliness of songs and wings  
And voices on before.—

And—loveliness beyond all grace  
Of lovely words to say or sing,—  
The loveliness of Hope's fair face  
Forever brightening.



## A PARTING GUEST

WHAT delightful hosts are they—  
Life and Love!  
Lingeringly I turn away,  
This late hour, yet glad enough  
They have not withheld from me  
Their high hospitality.  
So, with face lit with delight  
And all gratitude, I stay  
Yet to press their hands and say,  
“Thanks.—So fine a time! Good night.”

## “OUT OF REACH”

YOU think them “out of reach,” your dead?  
Nay, by my own dead, I deny  
Your “out of reach.”—Be comforted:  
’Tis not so far to die.

O by their dear remembered smiles  
And outheld hands and welcoming speech,  
They wait for us, thousands of miles  
This side of “out of reach.”

## MY FOE

MY Foe? You name yourself, then,—I refuse  
A term so dark to designate you by.

To me you are most kind and true; and I  
Am grateful as the dust is for the dews  
That brim the dusk, and falter, drip and ooze  
From the dear darkness of the summer sky.

Vex not yourself for lack of moan or cry  
Of mine. Not any harm, nor ache nor bruise  
Could reach my soul through any stroke you fain  
Might launch upon me,—it were as the lance  
Even of the lightning did it leap to rend  
A ray of sunshine—'twould recoil again.

So, blessing you, with pitying countenance,  
I wave a hand to you, my helpless friend.

## SOME IMITATIONS

### I

POMONA

*(Madison Cawein)*

OH, the golden afternoon!—  
Like a ripened summer day  
That had fallen oversoon  
In the weedy orchard-way—  
As an apple, ripe in June.

He had left his fishrod leant  
O'er the footlog by the spring—  
Clomb the hill-path's high ascent,  
Whence a voice, down showering,  
Lured him, wondering as he went.

Not the voice of bee nor bird,  
Nay, nor voice of man nor child,  
Nor the creek's shoal-alto heard  
Blent with warblings sweet and wild  
Of the midstream, music-stirred.

'Twas a goddess! As the air  
Swirled to eddying silence, he  
Glimpsed about him, half aware  
Of some subtle sorcery  
Woven round him everywhere.

Suavest slopes of pleasaunce, sown  
With long lines of fruited trees  
Weighed o'er grasses all unmown  
But by scythings of the breeze  
In prone swaths that flashed and shone

Like silk locks of Faunus sleeked  
This, that way, and contrawise,  
Through whose bredes ambrosial leaked  
Oily amber sheens and dyes,  
Starred with petals purple-freaked.

Here the bellflower swayed and swung,  
Greenly belfried high amid  
Thick leaves in whose covert sung  
Hermit-thrush, or katydid,  
Or the glowworm nightly clung.

Here the damson, peach and pear;  
There the plum, in Tyrian tints,  
Like great grapes in clusters rare;  
And the metal-heavy quince  
Like a plummet dangled there.

All ethereal, yet all  
Most material,—a theme  
Of some fabled festival—  
Save the fair face of his dream  
Smiling o'er the orchard wall.

## II

## THE PASSING OF A ZEPHYR

(*Sidney Lanier*)

UP from, and out of, and over the opulent woods  
and the plains,  
Lo! I leap nakedly loose, as the nudest of gods  
might choose,  
For to dash me away through the morning dew  
And the rathe Spring rains—  
Pat and pet the little green leaves of the trees and  
the grass,  
Till they seem to linger and cling, as I pass,  
And are touched to delicate contemporaneous tears  
of the rain and the dew,  
That lure mine eyes to weeping likewise, and to  
laughter, too:  
For I am become as the balmiest, stormiest zephyr  
of Spring,  
With manifold beads of the marvelous dew and the  
rain to string  
On the bended strands of the blossoms, blown  
And tossed and tousled and overthrown,

And shifted and whirled, and lifted unfurled  
 In the victory of the blossoming  
 Of the flags of the flowery world.  
 Yea, and behold! and a riotous zephyr, at last,  
 I subside; I abate; I pass by; I am past.  
 And the small, hoarse bass of the bumblebee  
 Is my requiem-psalm,  
 And I fling me down to a listless, loitering, long  
                   eternity  
 Of amiable calm.

## III

EF UNCLE REMUS PLEASE TER 'SCUSEN ME

*(Joel Chandler Harris)*

DEY wunce wuz er time which I gwineter  
     tell you 'bout it—  
 An' it's easy ter believe it sho'ly ez it is ter doubt  
     it!—  
 So des you pick yer "ruthers" whilse I tell how ole  
     Br'er Rabbit  
 Wunce know de time when he git de fightin' habit.  
 Co'se he ain't no bragger, des a-rippin' an' a-rarin'  
 An' a-darin' all de beestus an' a-des a-double-darin'  
 Sich ez Mr. Jonus Lion, er Sir Mr. Twister Tagger,  
 Er Sister Hisstopottomus, er A'nt Ferjinny Ja'gger!  
 Yit, des de same, he layin' low an' know he got de  
     muscle  
 What sho' ter s'prise mos' any size what crowd 'im  
     fer a tussle.—

But speshully he 'spise de *Dawg*, an' sight er one  
 des make 'im  
 Fergit hisse'f an' run 'em down an' grab 'em up an'  
 shake 'em!—  
 An', mo' 'n dat, ef 'twuzn't fer de *Dawg-law* den  
 ag'in' it,  
 He'd des a-kilt off ev'y *Dawg* dat's chasin' him dis  
 minute!

## IV

## A RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS

IF *Browning* only were here,  
 This yule-ish time o' the year—  
 This mule-ish time o' the year,  
 Stubbornly still refusing  
 To add to the rhymes we've been using  
 Since the first Christmas-glee  
 (One might say) chantingly  
 Rendered by rudest hinds  
 Of the pelt-clad shepherding kinds  
 Who didn't know Song from b-  
 U-double-l's-foot!—pah!—  
 (Haply the old Egyptian *ptah*—  
 Though I'd hardly wager a baw-  
 Bee—or a *bumble*, for that—  
 And that's flat!) . . .  
 But the thing that I want to get at  
 Is a rhyme for *Christmas*—  
 Nay! nay! nay! nay! not *isthmus*—  
 The t- and the h-sounds covertly are  
 Gnawing the nice auricular



Senses until one may hear them gnar—  
 And the terminal, too, for *mas* is *mus*,  
 So *that* will not do for us.  
 Try for it—sigh for it—cry for it—die for it!  
 O *but* if Browning were here to apply for it,  
*He'd* rhyme you *Christmas*—  
*He'd* make a *mist* *pass*  
 Over—something o' ruther—  
 Or find you the rhyme's very brother  
 In lovers that *kissed fast*  
*To baffle the moon*—as he'd lose the *t*-final  
 In *fas-t* as it blended with *to* (mark the spinal  
 Elision—tip-clipt as exquisitely nicely  
 And hyper-exactly sliced to precisely  
 The extremest technical need) : Or he'd *twist glass*,  
 Or he'd have a *kissed lass*,  
 Or shake 'neath our noses some great giant *fist-*  
*mass*—  
 No matter ! If Robert were here, *he* could do it,  
 Though it took us till Christmas next year to see  
 through it.

## V

## VAUDEVILLE SKITS

## I

## SERENADE AT THE CABIN

Oh, my little Sadie Sue, I's a-serenadin' you—  
 Fer you's de onliest lady-love o' mine ;  
 De White Folk's dance done over, I has still a chune  
 er two

Below your winder's mohnin'-glory-vine.  
Your good ole mammy's gyarden is, fer shore, a  
    ha'nted place,  
Dis midnight whilse I's cropin' 'mongst de bloom;  
Yit de moon dah 'bove de chimbly ain' no fairer dan  
    de face  
What's hidin' 'hind de curtain o' your room.

*Chorus*

Den wake, my colored blonde with eyes o' blue,  
An' lips ez red ez roses renshed with dew;  
    Yo' hair ez fair an' fine  
    Ez de skeins o' June sunshine,  
My little, light-complected Sadie Sue!

In de "Gran's" old dinin'-hall, playin' fer de White  
    Folk's ball,  
I watch deir pick o' ladies ez dey glide,  
An' says I, "My Sadie Sue she 'ud shorely best you  
    all  
Ef she 'uz here a-waltzin' by my side!"  
Den I laugh all to myse'f-like, ez I swipe de twangin'  
    strings  
An' shet my eyes in sweetest dreams o' you,—  
Fer you're my heart's own music dat forever beats  
    an' sings—  
My soul's own serenade—my Sadie Sue!

*Chorus*

Den wake, my colored blonde with eyes o' blue,  
An' lips ez red ez roses renshed with dew ;  
    Yo' hair ez fair an' fine  
    Ez de skeins o' June sunshine,  
My little, light-complected Sadie Sue!

## 2

## CHUCK'S HOODOOS

Chuck's allus had de Hoodoos bad!—  
    Do what he kin to lose 'em,  
Dey track dat coon, by sun er moon,  
    Des like dey cain't uxcuse 'im!  
An' more he gyaurd 'em off, more hard  
    Hit 'pear-like dat they press 'im—  
De onliest luck dey 'low ole Chuck  
    Is dis enough to 'stress 'im!

He taken care—no matter where  
    He's walkin' 'long de street an'  
See any ladder leanin' there,  
    Er cross-eyed man he's meetin'—  
Dat eye o' his ketch wher' dey is,  
    An', quick as "scat," Chuck's hittin'  
De curb outside, an' watch wile-eyed  
    Fust lef'-han' place to spit in!

He' got toenails o' bats; an' snails  
Shet hot in deir shell-houses  
Wid sealin'-wax; an' little backs  
O' turkles in his trouse's:  
A moleskin-pu's'; an' possum's han'—  
Des ever' charm an' wonder—  
An' barber-chair o' shore hosshair—  
An' hoss-shoe hangin' under!

"An' yit," says Chuck, "I got no luck:—  
De Hoodoos still a-bafflin'  
Dis po' ole saint what knows he ain't—  
'Twix' shootin' craps an' rafflin'!  
No overcoat—ner underwear,—  
Right on de aidge o' winter  
I's up aginst de wust layout  
Dey's ever got me inter!"

## THE ROSE-LADY

TO THE ROSES

I DREAM that you are kisses Allah sent  
In forms material, that all the earth  
May taste of you and guess of Heaven's worth,  
Since it can waste such sweetness with content,—  
Seeing you showered o'er the Battlement—  
By Angel-hands plucked ripe from lips of mirth  
And flung in lavish clusters, yet no dearth  
Of rapture for the Anthem! . . . I have bent  
Above you, nestled in some low retreat,  
Pressing your velvet mouths against the dust,  
And, ever nurturing this old conceit,  
Have lifted up your lips in perfect trust  
Against my mouth, nor found them the less sweet  
For having kissed the dust beneath my feet.

## A HOOSIER CALENDAR

### JANUARY

**B**LEAK January! Cold as fate,  
And ever colder—ever keener—  
Our very hair cut while we wait  
By winds that clip it ever cleaner:  
Cold as a miser's buried gold,  
Or nether-deeps of old tradition—  
*Jeems January!* you're a cold  
Proposition!

### FEBRUARY

You, February,—seem to be  
Old January's understudy,  
But play the part too vaudeville-y,—  
With wind too moist and snow too muddy—  
You overfreeze and overthaw—  
Your "Hos'ler Jo"-like recitation  
But hints that you're, at best, a raw  
Imitation.

### MARCH

And, March, you've got no friends to spare—  
Warm friends, I mean—unless coal-dealers,  
Or gas-well owners, pipin' where  
The piper's paid—above all spielers;

You are a month, too, of complex  
Perversities beyond solution—  
A sort o' "loveliest of your sex"  
Institution!

## APRIL

But, April, when you kind o' come  
A-sa'nterin' down along our roadway,  
The bars is down, and we're at home,  
And you're as welcome as a show-day!  
First thing we know, the sunshine falls  
Spring-like, and drenches all Creation  
With that-'ere ba'm the poets calls  
"Inspiration."

## MAY

And May!—It's warmin' jest to see  
The crick thawed clear ag'in and dancin'—  
'Pear-like it's tickled 'most as *me*  
A-prancin' 'crosst it with my pants on!  
And then to hear the bluebird whet  
His old song up and lance it through you,  
Clean through the boy's heart beatin' yet—  
Hallylooya!

## JUNE

June—'Ll, I jest git *doped* on June!—  
The trees and grass all at their greenest—  
The round earth swung 'twixt sun and moon,  
Jest at its—so to say—serenest:—

In country,—stars and whipperwills;  
 In town,—all night the boys invadin'  
 Leadin' citizens' winder-sills,  
 Sair-a-nadin'.

JULY

Fish still a-bitin'—*some*; but 'most  
 Too hot fer anything but layin'  
 Jest do-less like, and watchin' clos't  
 The treetops and the squirrels playin'—  
 Their tail-tips switched 'bove knot and limb,  
 But keepin' most in sequestration—  
 Leavin' a big part to the im-  
 Magination.

AUGUST

Now when it's August—I can tell  
 It by a hundred signs and over;—  
 They is a mixed ripe-apple-smell  
 And mashed-down grass and musty clover;  
 Bees is as lazy 'most as me—  
 Bee-bird eats 'em—gap's his wings out  
 So lazy 'at I don't think he  
 Spits their stings out!

SEPTEMBER

September, you appeal to all,  
 Both young and old, lordly and lowly;  
 You stuff the haymow, trough and stall,  
 Till horse and cow's as roly-poly



As pigs is, slopped on buttermilk  
And brand, shipstuff and 'tater-peelin's—  
And folks, too, feelin' fine as silk  
With all their feelin's!

## OCTOBER

If I'd be'n asked for my advice,  
And thought the thing out, ca'm and sober—  
Sizin' the months all once or twice,—  
I'd la'nch'd the year out with *October*. . . .  
All Nature then jest veiled and dressed  
In weddin' gyarments, ornamented  
With ripe-fruit-gems—and kissin' jest  
New-invented!

## NOVEMBER

I'm 'feared November's hopes is few  
And far between!—Cold as a Monday-  
Washday, er a lodge-man who  
You' got to pallbear for on Sunday;  
Colder and colder every day—  
The fixed official time for sighin',—  
A sinkin' state you jest can't stay  
In, or *die* in!

## DECEMBER

December—why, of course we grin  
And bear it—shiverin' every minute,  
Yet warm from time the month rolls in  
Till it skites out with Christmas in it;

And so, for all its coldest truths  
And chill, goose-pimpled imperfections,  
It wads our lank old socks with Youth's  
Recollections.

## THE LITTLE WOMAN

MY little woman, of you I sing  
With a fervor all divine,—  
For I know the clasp of the hands that cling  
So closely here in mine.

Though the rosy palms I used to press  
Are faded and worn with care,  
And tremulous is the old caress  
That nestles in my hair,—

Your heart to me is a changeless page ;  
I have read it bit by bit,  
From the dawn of love to the dusk of age,—  
And the tale is Holy Writ.

Fold your eyes,—for the twilight bends  
As a mother o'er her child—  
Even as when, in the long-lost Then,  
You bent o'er ours and smiled. . . .

(Nay, but I spoke all unaware !  
See ! I am kneeling, too,  
And with mine, dear, is the rose's prayer,  
With a blur of tears and dew.)

But O little woman, I often grieve,  
As I think of the vanished years  
And trace the course of the cares that leave  
Your features dim with tears:

I often grieve, for the frowns I wore  
When the world seemed all untrue,—  
When my hard, proud heart was sick and  
sore  
And would not come to you!

I often grieve, as I hold your hand—  
As I hold your hand to-night,—  
That it takes so long to understand  
The lesson of love aright!

But sing the song that I taught you once,  
Dear little woman, as *then*  
Away far back in the golden months:—  
Sing me the song again!

For, as under the stars we loved of yore  
When the nights of love were long,  
Your poor, pale lips grow glad once more  
And I kiss them into song:—

*My little woman's hands are fair  
As even the moonflowers be  
When fairies creep in their depths and sleep  
Till the sun leaps out o' the sea.*

*And O her eyes, they are spheres of light—  
So brighter than stars are they,  
The brightest day is the darkest night  
When my little woman's away.*

*For my little woman has ever a tear  
And a sigh when I am sad;  
And I have a thousand smiles for her  
When my little woman is glad.*

*But my little woman is strong and brave,  
For all of her tears and sighs,  
Her stanch little heart knows how to behave  
Whenever the storms arise.*

*My little woman, of you I sing  
With a fervor all divine,—  
For I know the clasp of the hands that cling  
So closely here in mine.*

## WHAT TITLE?

WHAT title best befits the man  
We hold our first American?  
Or Statesman; Soldier; Hero; Chief,  
Whose Country is his first belief:  
Or sanest, safest Leader; or  
True Patriot; or Orator,  
Heard still at Inspiration's height,  
Because he speaks for truth and right;  
Or shall his people be content  
With Our Republic's President,  
Or trust his ringing worth to live  
In song as Chief Executive?  
Nay—his the simplest name—though set  
Upon him like a coronet,—  
God names our first American  
The highest, noblest name—The MAN.

## YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER

*In the deep grave's charmèd chamber,  
Lying tranced in breathless slumber,  
You may haply not remember.*

YOU may not remember whether  
It was Spring or Summer weather;  
But *I* know—we two together  
At the dim end of the day—  
How the fireflies in the twilight  
Drifted by like flakes of starlight,  
Till o'er floods of flashing moonlight  
They were wave-like swept away.

You may not remember any  
Word of mine of all the many  
Poured out for you there, though then a  
Soul inspirèd spake my love;—  
But *I* knew—and still review it,  
All my passion, as with awe it  
Welled in speech as from a poet  
Gifted of the gods above.

Sleeping here, this hour I grieve in,  
You may not remember even  
Any kiss I still believe in,  
Or caress of ecstasy,—

May not even *dream*—O can't you?—  
That I kneel here—weep here—want you—  
Feign me in your grave, to haunt you,  
Since you come not back to me!

Vain! ah, vain is all my yearning  
As the West's last embers burning  
Into ashes, slowly turning  
Ever to a denser gray!—  
While the fireflies in the twilight  
Drift about like flakes of starlight,  
Till o'er wastes of wannest moonlight  
They are wave-like swept away.



## THE REST

V. K.—NATURALIST

HE rests at last, as on the mother-breast  
The playworn child at evening lies at rest,—  
For he, a buoyant child, in veriest truth,  
Has looked on life with eyes of changeless youth :—  
Has loved our green old earth here from the hour  
Of his first memory of bud and flower—  
Of morning's grassy lawns and dewy trees  
And orchard-blossoms, singing birds and bees :

When all the world about him was a land  
Elysian, with the mother near at hand :  
With steadfast gaze of wonder and delight  
He marked the miracles of day and night :—  
Beheld the kingly sun, in dazzling reign  
By day ; and, with her glittering, glimmering train  
Of stars, he saw the queenly moon possess  
Her throne in midmost midnight's mightiness.

All living least of things he ever knew  
Of mother Earth's he was a brother to :  
The lone rose by the brook—or, under, where  
The swaying water-lilies anchored there ;

His love dipped even to the glossy things  
That walked the waters and forgot their wings  
In sheer insanity of some delight  
Known but to that ecstatic parasite.

It was enough, thus childishly to sense  
All works—since worthy of Omnipotence—  
As worshipful: Therefor, as any child,  
He knelt in tenderness of tears, or smiled  
His gratefulness, as to a playmate glad  
To share His pleasures with a poorer lad.  
And so he lived: And so he *died*?—Ah, no,  
We'll not believe that till he tells us so.

## WE MUST BELIEVE

*Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.*

### I

WE must believe—  
Being from birth endowed with love and  
trust—  
Born unto loving;—and how simply just  
That love—that faith!—even in the blossom-face  
The babe drops dreamward in its resting-place,  
Intuitively conscious of the sure  
Awakening to rapture ever pure  
And sweet and saintly as the mother's own  
Or the awed father's, as his arms are thrown  
O'er wife and child, to round about them weave  
And wind and bind them as one harvest-sheaf  
Of love—to cleave to, and *forever* cleave. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

### II

We must believe—  
Impelled since infancy to seek some clear  
Fulfilment, still withheld all seekers here;—  
For never have we seen perfection nor  
The glory we are ever seeking for:  
But we *have* seen—all mortal souls as one—  
Have seen its *promise*, in the morning sun—

Its blest assurance, in the stars of night;—  
The ever-dawning of the dark to light;—  
The tears down-falling from all eyes that grieve—  
The eyes uplifting from all deeps of grief,  
Yearning for what at last we shall receive. . . .

Lord, I believe:

Help Thou mine unbelief.

### III

We must believe:

For still all unappeased our hunger goes,  
From life's first waking, to its last repose:  
The briefest life of any babe, or man  
Outwearing even the allotted span,  
Is each a life unfinished—incomplete:  
For these, then, of th' outworn, or unworn feet  
Denied one toddling step—O there must be  
Some fair, green, flowery pathway endlessly  
Winding through lands Elysian! Lord, receive  
And lead each as Thine Own Child—even the  
Chief

Of us who didst Immortal life achieve. . . .

Lord, I believe: .

Help Thou mine unbelief.

## THE HIRED MAN'S DOG-STORY

*Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.*

—BURNS

DOGS, I contend, is jes' about  
Nigh human—git 'em studied out.  
I hold, like us, they've got their own  
Reasonin' powers 'at's theirs alone—  
Same as their tricks and habits too,  
Provin', by lots o' things they do,  
That instinct's not the only thing  
That dogs is governed by, i jing!—  
And I'll say furdur, on that line,  
And prove it, that they's dogs a-plenty  
Will show intelligence as fine  
As ary ten men out o' twenty!

Jevver investigate the way  
Sheep-killin' dogs goes at it—hey?  
Well, you dig up the facts and you  
Will find, first thing, they's always *two*  
Dogs goes together on that spree  
O' blood and puore dog-deviltry!  
And, then, they always go at night—

Mind ye, it's never in daylight,  
When folks is up and wide awake,—  
No self-respectin' dogs'll make  
Mistakes o' judgment on that score,—  
And I've knowed fifty head or more  
O' slaughtered sheep found in the lot,  
Next morning the old farmer got  
His folks up and went out to feed,—  
And every livin' soul agreed  
That all night long they never heerd  
The bark o' dog ner bleat o' skeered  
And racin', tromplin' flock o' sheep  
A-skallyhootin' roun' the pastur',  
To rouse 'em from their peaceful sleep  
To that heart-renderin' disaster!

Well, now, they's actchul evidence  
In all these facts set forth; and hence  
When, by like facts, it has been foun'  
That these two dogs—colloquin' roun'  
*At night* as thick as thieves—*by day*  
Don't go together anyway,  
And, 'pearantly, hain't never met  
Each other; and the facts is set  
On record funder, that these smart  
Old pards in crime lives miles apart—  
Which is a trick o' theirs, to throw  
Off all suspicion, don't you know!—  
One's a *town-dog*—belongin' to  
Some good man, maybe—er to you!—  
And one's a *country-dog*, er "*jay*,"

As you nickname us thataway.  
Well, now!—these is the facts I' got  
    (And, mind ye, these *is* facts—not  
        *guesses*)  
To argy on, concernin' what  
    Fine reasonin' powers dogs p'sesses.

My idy is,—the dog lives in  
The *town*, we'll say, runs up ag'in  
The *country*-dog, some Saturday,  
Under a' old farm-wagon, say,  
Down at the Court-house hitchin'-rack.—  
Both lifts the bristles on their back  
And show their teeth and growl as though  
They meant it pleasant-like and low,  
In case the fight hangs fire. And they  
Both wag then in a friendly way,  
The town-dog sayin' :—"Seems to me,  
Last Dimocratic jubilee,  
I seen you here in town somewhere?"  
The country-dog says :—"Right you air!—  
And right here's where you seen me, too,  
Under this wagon, watchin' *you*!"  
"Yes," says the town-dog,—“and I thought  
We'd *both* bear watchin', like as not.”  
And as he yawns and looks away,  
The country-dog says, “What's your lay?”  
The town-dog whets his feet a spell  
And yawns ag'in, and then says,—“Well,  
Before I answer that—Ain't you

A Mill Crick dog, a mile er two  
From old Chape Clayton's stock-farm—say?"  
"Who *told* you?" says the jay-dog—"hey?"  
And looks up, real su'prised. "*I guessed,*"  
The town-dog says—"You tell the rest,—  
How's old Chape's mutton, anyhow?—  
How many of 'em's ready now—  
How many of 'em's ripe enough fer use,  
And how's the hot, red, rosy juice?"  
"Mm!" says the country-dog, "I think  
I sort o' see a little blink  
O' what you mean." And then he stops  
And turns and looks up street and lops  
His old wet tongue out, and says he,  
Lickin' his lips, all slobbery,  
"Ad-drat my melts! you're jes' my man!—  
I'll trust you, 'cause I know I can!"  
And then he says, "I'll tell you jes'  
How things is, and Chape's carelessness  
About his sheep,—fer instance, say,  
To-morry Chapes'll all be 'way  
To Sund'y-meetin'—and ag'in  
At night." "At night? That lets us in!—  
'Better the day' "—the town-dog says—  
" 'Better the deed.' We'll pray; Lord, yes!—  
May the outpourin' grace be shed  
Abroad, and all hearts comforted  
Accordin' to their lights!" says he,  
"And that, of course, means you and me."  
And then they both snarled, low and quiet—



Swore where they'd meet. And both stood  
by it!

Jes' half-past eight on Sund'y night,  
Them two dogs meets,—the *town-dog*, light  
O' foot, though five mile' he had spanned  
O' field, beech-wood and bottom-land.  
But, as books says,—we draw a veil  
Over this chapter of the tale! . . .  
Yit when them two infernal, mean,  
Low, orn'ry whelps has left the scene  
O' carnage—chased and putt to death  
The last pore sheep,—they've yit got breath  
Enough to laugh and joke about  
The fun they've had, while they sneak out  
The woods-way fer the old crick where  
They both plunge in and wash their hair  
And rench their bloody mouths, and grin,  
As each one skulks off home ag'in—  
Jes' innardly too proud and glad  
To keep theirselves from kind o' struttin',  
Thinkin' about the fun they'd had—  
When their blame wizzens needed cuttin'!

Dogs is deliber't.—They can bide  
Their time till s'picious all has died.  
The country-dog don't 'pear to care  
Fer town no more,—he's off somewhere  
When the folks whistles, as they head  
The team t'ards town. As I jes' said,—  
Dogs is deliber't, don't forgit!

So this-here dog he's got the grit  
To jes' deprive hisse'f o' town  
For 'bout three weeks. But time rolls  
roun'! . . .

Same as they *first* met:—Saturday—  
Same Court-house—hitch-rack—and same  
way

The team wuz hitched—same wagon where  
The same *jay*-dog growls under there  
When same *town*-dog comes loafin' by,  
With the most innocentest eye  
And giner'l meek and lowly style,  
As though he'd never cracked a smile  
In all his mortal days!—And both  
Them dogs is strangers, you'd take oath!—

Both keeps a-lookin' sharp, to see  
If folks is watchin'—jes' the way  
They acted that first Saturday  
They talked so confidentchully.  
“Well”—says the town-dog, in a low  
And careless tone—“Well, whatch you  
know?”

“‘*Know?*’” says the country-dog—“Lots  
more

Than some smart people knows—that's  
shore!”

And then, in his dog-language, he  
Explains how slick he had to be  
When some suspicious folks come roun'  
A-tryin' to track and run him down—

Like *he'd* had anything to do

With killin' over fifty head  
O' sheep! "Jes' think!—and *me*"—he said,  
    "And me as innocent as *you*,  
That very hour, five mile' away  
In this town like you air to-day!"  
"Ah!" says the town-dog, "there's the beauty  
    O' bein' *prepared* for what may be,  
And *washin'* when you've done your duty!—  
    No stain o' blood on you er me  
    Ner wool in *our* teeth!—*Then*," says he,  
"When wicked man has wronged us so,  
    We ort to learn to be forgivin'—  
Half the world, of course, don't know  
    How the other gits its livin'!"

## PERVERSITY

YOU have more'n likely noticed,  
When you *didn't* when you *could*,  
That jes' the thing you *didn't* do  
Was jes' the thing you *should*.

## HER POET-BROTHER

O H! what ef little childerns all  
Wuz big as parunts is!  
Nen I'd join pa's Masonic Hall  
An' wear gold things like his!  
An' you'd "receive," like ma, an' be  
My "hostuss"—An', gee-whizz!  
We'd *alluz* have ice-cream, ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

Wiv all the money mens is got—  
We'd buy a *Store* wiv that,—  
Ist candy, pies an' cakes, an' not  
No *drygoods*—'cept a hat-  
An'-plume fer *you*—an' "plug" fer me,  
An' clothes like *ma's* an' *his*,  
'At on'y ist fit *us*—ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

An'—ef *we* had a little boy  
An' girl like me an' you,—  
Our Store'd keep ever' kind o' toy  
They'd ever want us to!—

We'd hire "Old Kriss" to 'tend to be  
The boss of all the biz  
An' ist "*charge*" ever'thing—ef we  
Wuz big as parunts is!

### GRAMPA'S CHOICE

**F**IRST and best of earthly joys,  
I like little girls and boys:  
Which of all do I like best?  
Why, the one that's happiest.

## A LITTLE LAME BOY'S VIEWS

ON 'Scursion-days—an' Shows—an' Fairs—  
They ain't no bad folks anywheres!—  
On street-cars—same as *you*—  
Seems like *somebody* allus sees  
I'm lame, an' takes me on their knees,  
An' holds my crutches, too—  
An' asts me what's my name, an' pays  
My fare theirse'f—On all Big Days!

The mob all *scrowdges* you an' makes  
Enough o' bluffs, fer goodness-sakes!  
But none of 'em *ain't* mad—  
They're only *lettin' on*.—I know;—  
An' I can tell you *why* it's so:  
They're all of 'em too *glad*—  
They're *ever' one*, jes' glad as *me*  
To be there, er they *wouldn't* be!

The man that sells the tickets snoops  
My "one-er" in, but sort o' stoops  
An' grins out at me—then  
Looks mean an' business-like an' sucks



His big mustache at me an' chucks  
Too much change out again.—  
He's a *smooth citizen*, an' yit  
He don't fool *me* one little bit!

An' then, *inside*—fer all the jam—  
Folks, seems-like, all knows who I am,  
An' tips me nods an' winks;  
An' even country-folks has made  
Me he'p eat pie an' marmalade,  
With bottled milk fer "drinks"!—  
Folks *all's* so good to me that I—  
Sometimes—I nearly purt' near' *cry*.

An' all the *kids*, high-toned er pore,  
Seems better than they wuz before,  
An' wants to kind o' "stand  
In" with a feller—see him through  
The *free* lay-out an' *sideshows*, too,  
An' do the bloomin' "grand"!  
On 'Scursion-days—an' Shows an' Fairs—  
They ain't no bad folks anywheres!

## A VERY TALL BOY

THE ONE LONE LIMERICK OF UNCLE SIDNEY'S

SOME credulous chroniclers tell us  
Of a very tall youngster named Ellis,  
Whose Pa said, "Ma-ri-er,  
If Bubb grows much higher,  
He'll have to be trained up a trellis."

## THE RAGGEDY MAN ON CHILDREN

CHILDERN—take 'em as they run—  
You kin *bet* on, ev'ry one!—  
Treat 'em right and reco'nize  
Human souls is all one size.

Jevver think?—the world's best men  
Wears the same souls they had when  
They run barefoot—'way back where  
All these little children air.

Heerd a boy, not long ago,  
Say his parents *sassed* him so,  
He'd *correct* 'em, ef he could,—  
Then be good ef *they'd* be good.

'LIZABUTH-ANN ON BAKIN'-DAY

OUR Hired Girl, when it's bakin'-day  
She's out o' patience allus,  
An' tells us "Hike *outdoors* an' play,  
An' when the cookies's done," she'll say,  
"Land sake! she'll come an' call us!"  
An' when the little doughbowl's all  
Ist heapin'-full, she'll come an' call—  
*Nen say*, "She ruther take a switchin'  
Than have a pack o' pesky childern  
Trackin' round the kitchen!"

## GOLDIE GOODWIN

MY old Uncle Sidney *he* says it's a sign  
All over the Worl', an' ten times out of nine,  
He can tell by the *name* of a child ef the same  
Is a good er bad youngun—ist knows by their  
name!—

So he says, "It's the vurry best sign in the Worl'  
That *Goldie Goodwin* is a good little girl,"—  
An' says, "First she's *gold*—then she's *good*—an'  
behold,  
*Good's 'bout 'leventy-hunnerd times better than  
gold!*"



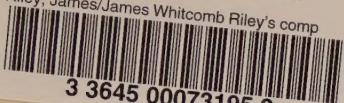
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